THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DRACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

{ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSURD, 2027.}

LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY SARA J. RUMSEY.

Wail not so loud, oh! southern wind,
In pity cease thy moan,
For there's a sound of such wild woe
Within thy every tone;
Like some lost spirit's wordless cry,
It trembles on the air,
Appalling all the night with its
Unutterable despair.

Know'st thou not, oh! southern wind,
That breaking hearts there be,
That thrill with pain at every sound,
So sorrowful from thee?
That bleed anew at thy sad voice,
With such despairing pain,
That all the airs the summer brings
Can never heal again.

It ceases not, the wild south wind,
But shrieks along the eaves,
Then sighs and sobs about my door,
Like some young child that grieves.
It has no pity—will not stay
Its melancholy flight,
But haunts me with its plaintive moan,
Throughout the weary night.

Painted Post, New York.

THE DANE.

A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.

A FATHER'S ANXIETY.

When Della left the Everglades the sun was shining and the heavens were bright. No storm was apprehended, and while the morning hours lengthened into noon, Mr. St. Lemoine sat at his desk, busily engaged in writing, giving no heed to the flight of time.

Rose, who had returned, roused him from his reverie by inquiring about her mistress.

"True enough," he said, starting, "they ought to be at home—how long have they been gone? Fully three hours! they surely should be at home. What can it mean?—which way did they go? who knows? I never thought to ask."

"Perhaps to the city, sir."

"Shouldn't wonder; stopped at Government house; that accounts for it. But—I begin to feel uneasy; has Sam got back?"

"Yes, sir," returned the girl.

"Tell him to saddle Thunder as soon as possible, and ride to town; he may meet them. It is lunch-time—send me up a tray, Rose, I won't wait for them."

Noon came, but no Della. Soon after, Sam returned, accompanied by Lieutenant Warren and Professor Vance. The latter had come to say adieu to his new friends before he travelled into the interior.

The former to bear a pretty message and some rare flowers from the Governor's conservatory, which little Mary Wooden had herself arranged into a charming bouquet for her dear friend. The message was inclosed in a silver-tinted envelope.

They found Mr. St. Lemoine in a state of intense excitement—sending boys and servants in different directions, talking eagerly—hurrying from point to point.

"Pardon my abruptness," he said, turning from them after a hurried salutation. "I am frightfully anxious. Manuel took Della out for a drive this morning; they were to return in little more than an hour—it is now five—verging on to six since they went."

"What! can it be possible you placed her in charge of that red-eyed Dane?" exclaimed Lieutenant Warren. "Good heavens! where did they go?"

"Manuel would take every possible care of her," returned Mr. St. Lemoine. "He is a trusty fellow."

"But, my dear sir, he's dead in love with her, and jealous as Othello," exclaimed young Warren.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Mr. St. Lemoine, haughtily; "you forget that Manuel has lived with me in the capacity of a servant."

"I beg your pardon, but at the same time I maintain what I said. If he is but a servant, he is also a man, and has a tremendous admiration for your beautiful daughter. Why, sir, if he had been my equal, we had been at swords' points in right earnest before now. But time is passing. What can I do, sir? my services are at your command."

As they looked there was a great clatter of horses' hoofs, and Sam made his appearance with two other blacks, well mounted, received their orders and hurried off full of importance.

"Have you been to dinner, gentlemen?" asked St. Lemoine—"the table is ready, but I am too anxious to eat."

They both of them declined, and waited impatiently for further tidings, young Warren often striding down the avenue and looking anxiously along the road.

"Ah! they come; I see your coachman in advance of a carriage," he cried, entering the house. Mr. St. Lemoine, Professor Vance and Lieutenant Warren stood on the verandah. Sam's face, as he galloped forward, evinced genuine consternation. The carriage was empty.

"Hunted, sir, but couldn't find 'em.—Horses half dead, standing in the sun, sir; had to walk 'em home, mostly—must a' stood there two or three hours, sir."

"My child!" cried the father, his face growing livid.—"Merciful God! what has he done with her!"

"Let us go, immediately," exclaimed young Warren. "Sam, who can guide us through the woods?"

"I'll find somebody, sir—but there's a storm coming, sir—been mighty dull—no wind stirring, but he's coming now, I think."

"No matter for storm—just go get some one for a guide. Where did you find the carriage?" asked Mr. St. Lemoine.

"Up by Dead Man's Rock, sir," replied Sam.

"Make preparations instantly, Sam, turn out all the men; we have yet four hours to-night—oh! my Della—my darling! Must I lose her now! Oh! Warren, you little know how dear she was to me."

"Miss St. Lemoine was known to none who did not love her," said the lieutenant, with much agitation.

"As I am acquainted with most of the peculiarities of the forest," said Professor Vance, "I beg to be one of your number. I could perhaps tell by marks known only to the naturalist, what paths have been recently travelled.

"Thanks! thanks!" cried Mr. St. Lemoine, pressing his hand—"your kindness will be invaluable at such a time. Alas! alas! God keep my child! I imagine a thousand dangers."

"I dread but one," said Lieutenant Warren, who still paced the floor distractedly.

"And what is that?" asked the stricken father.

"It takes the name and shape of Manuel," replied the young soldier.

"Manuel never would betray my friendship."

"An overpowering passion, sir, recognizes no friendship where its reckless inclination sees but one way for gratification."

"Sir, do not strike me dead," exclaimed Mr. St. Lemoine, distractedly. "I don't know which way your suspicions tend by the tenor of your language—do you hint that Manuel has eloped with Miss. St. Lemoine?"

"Oh! no; indeed, sir, I would not do your noble daughter that injustice; I only fear that through some stratagem he may have led her into the wilds—or forced her away with him where it may be next to impossible to recover her. The thought is torture—but of course, in so few hours, they could have made but little progress. They left the horses, too, by Jove! I don't see into it."

"Are there hostile Indians near here?" asked Professor Vance.

Mr. St. Lemoine groaned as he replied,

"They are great thieves, and low fellows.—They might have been tempted by her jewelry, and—oh! my God! murdered her."

"Do not think of so terrible a thing, sir," said the professor; "they would not dare to do such a deed, believe me. No, the more probable thing is that Miss Della wandered away in search of flowers or a view, lost herself, and Manuel may be searching for her now. Let us hope for the best."

"You put heart in me," exclaimed Mr. St. Lemoine, grasping the hand of the professor again; "thanks, thanks, my friend."

At that moment the storm burst, bringing dismay upon the household. For a brief time it was so terrific as to shake the house to its foundations. St. Lemoine cowered in his seat.

"My God, my God, protect her," he cried, in tones of anguish. Lieutenant Warren grew pallid; Professor Vance, alone, seemed calm, though he was by no means unmoved.

An hour passed. At the expiration of that time, though the storm had not spent itself, the three men took horses, and protecting themselves as best they could from the elements, galloped off in the direction of "Dead Man's Rock." The tempest had done material damage to the roads. Here and there a wallaba tree or a kakarali lay across the road, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they could pass by or over the huge trunks. Branches were flung along the roadside—bushes uprooted, and the whole scene was wild and desolate in the extreme.

They gained the rock, and here traces of the storm abounded. Loose stones had been hurled apparently from a distance, the swollen waters poured from every crevice of the rocks, and sported from the tall trunks of the palm trees. The path leading around it, was choked up with leaves and bushes, and the leaping stream from swollen waters fell in small cascades over them. Mr. St. Lemoine surveyed all in the deepest anguish. Then he shouted her name, and that of the Dane, but there came no answer save that of his echoing voice.

"Gentlemen, I know not what course to take," he said at last, in a voice choked with grief.

"I think you had better go to the city and obtain help," said Lieutenant Warren. "We, meanwhile, will leave our horses and make the best of our way through this apparent path. They could not either of them have wandered far through this tangled wilderness."

"How can I leave my child?" groaned Mr. St. Lemoine.

"We shall need extra help," said the professor. "If we could get some of the Indians to aid us, it would be an important step gained. Here is a small arrow," he added, taking the arrow that Della had seen, from a cleft in the rock.

"Yes, the Caribs are often here," said St. Lemoine; "I will take your advice," he added, "and gallop back to the town. The Governor will lend me aid; I will level the forest but what I will find my child."

So saying, he turned his horse's head and galloped at full speed back to the city. Meanwhile the lieutenant and Professor Vance made their way into the wood, walking with difficulty in consequence of the various obstructions, until they came to an open spot where they could have a view for several rods—and there they held a consultation. Towards night they were joined by several athletic men, negroes and mulattoes, with four or five soldiers, all bearing torches with which to search the forest.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE FOREST. THE TOLLING BIRD.

The voices of the storm had sunk into comparative silence. A low, sullen murmur was heard coming from the interior, and sometimes the angry sound of a falling rock or tree. Della sat crouching in her strange resting-place, as the last rays of the daylight came in through the aperture of their cave-like retreat.

"Shall we stay here to night?" Della asked.

"I presume so," said Manuel, in an impatient voice.

"Oh, what is this terrible light?" she cried, in extreme fright.

"The Indians have been gathering wood in sheltered spots, and they have made a fire to cook their supper."

"Supper," echoed Della, mournfully, "I had forgotten that since morning I have not tasted a morsel. I wonder what they are doing at home?"

At that moment Wa-wa-nosh came, holding out fragments of dried venison on leaves, and small pieces of the cassava bread. The dried and blackened appearance of the meat, rendered it very disagreeable to Della, but as she was really hungry, she accepted it, and ate a morsel of the cassava, and then silently weeping, sat down on her couch of leaves, till sleep overcame her. Manuel watched almost till the dawn, in a terrible anxiety. Then he fell asleep and dreamed of treachery. He was awakened by Della's voice, and found that the sun was high. There was no sound near the enclosure. He listened, but only the trees murmured to each other as the wind sang through their branches. Springing to his feet he left the place. All was solitary outside. The charred remains of a fire marked the spot where the Indians had rested, but there was no trace of men or horses.

"They have left us here to starve," he exclaimed, a thousand apprehensions rushing over his soul.

"Do you think they really have left us?" cried a sweet voice at his side. "Thank God! then perhaps we may find our way back again."

A bitter laugh was his reply. Della gazed at him with dismay.

"Poor Manuel," she said, after a pause, "I see how you have suffered, and I am wholly to blame. Your eyes are bloodshot—you are haggard and hungry. Let us look for something to eat; and if they find us—no—I mean, when they find us, for I am sure they will search, I will tell them how foolish I was, and they will never think of blaming you. I feel so light-hearted now those terrible men are gone—do not you? Here is quite a little basin," she added, laughing: "I believe I will make my toilet."

She hollowed her hands and filled them with the sparkling element. Her locks, her face, whose vivid roses were returning, sparkled under a veil of dew-drops; the broad, soft leaves were her towel. She glanced up, arch and smiling—but instantly her face sobered at the expression she caught upon his face. It was mingled cunning and ferocity; he looked like some wild animal baffled of his prey. It passed so instantaneously, however, that she wondered the moment after whether it were not a delusion.

Manual turned away.

"I will go and search for fruit," he exclaimed.

"Don't go far, Manuel," she said, tremulously; "you are all I have to depend on now, you know—and if you should be lost, what could I do?"

"Would to heaven I *were* all you have, might *ever* have to depend upon," said Manuel.

She stood as if turned into stone where he left her. There was a terrible something in his voice that froze her blood. Hitherto she had felt the most entire confidence in him; relied upon him with a sense of child-like security as if he were her brother; now—that voice—that strange, fiery glance of the moment before, filled her with an uneasy dread. She coupled with them his previous demeanor, and trembled from head to foot. Then as she heard his returning footsteps she forced herself into a calmer mood. He appeared smiling, restored to his olden self. In his hands were wild pomegranates, and water-lemon or lemon-apples.

"These are both food and drink for you," he said gaily, placing the fruits upon a rock covered with moss. "I found a paradise only a few yards from here," he added. "After our breakfast we will take a ramble there. If I could climb like our jocko at home, I should have brought you down a cocoa-nut."

"Oh! these will make a sufficient breakfast," said Della—"alas! if I only knew that poor papa were not mourning himself to death for us."

MANUEL AND DELLA IN THE FOREST.

"Let us not talk of that now," said Manuel. "After we have eaten I shall endeavor to find our way out of this. Those rascally knaves of Indians appear to have left us for good; I wish I could have lodged a little powder and shot in them before they went. It is evident we are a long distance from home, and the rascals have brought us through a circuitous route that will be hard to find in all its windings. And suppose we cannot conquer the difficulties of a return, what then?"

"Do you mean, suppose we should never be able to find our way home?" cried Della, the fruit dropping from her trembling hand. "Oh, Manuel, do not suppose such a horrible thing. They will compass sea and land but what they will find us."

"They!" said Manuel, sternly, his eyes growing red, "who do you mean by they?"

"Why my father—and if need be the whole colony," said Della, her color heightening. "You do not suppose they would leave any means untried? Oh! Manuel, it is unkind in you even to hint at such a cruel possibility."

Manuel was silent—a fierce rebellion raged in his soul. All manner of wild schemes passed with lightning-speed through his brain. One thought was uppermost. "At least she is mine now—mine wholly. No one can talk soft nonsense to her in my presence. To me she appeals, in me she confides. I will lead her yet farther into the wilds; we will perish before I will yield her to another. She is mine now—mine, mine! Ha! my sweet lieutenant, you have no passport here."

Della could not read his thoughts, but she did not trust him now as before. Her imploring eye frequently rested upon him, but at his passionate glance fell again. Was this to be her fate—a solitary home in the wilds of the forest—an eternal separation from all she loved! Already she distrusted Manuel. What if he had planned the lure to this retreat? But no; that was an unworthy thought: had he not tried his best to dissuade her from her wild purpose?

The day passed in aimless wanderings. That night Manuel built a fire in a cleared space, and heaped a bed of leaves for Della, while he sat by to watch. Only to have her near him was an exquisite pleasure. The fire light played on her beautiful features, now pale and care-worn, through much fear and anxious thought. It reddened the huge trunks of majestic trees, and sent bars of lurid light into the pathless thickets of the forest they were penetrating. Occasionally the cry of the panther could be heard, and Manuel piled the brush-wood and the dry leaves higher, as the fearful voice sounded out from the depths. The white owl hooted, and flew heavily through the thick branches of the wallaba tree. Strange circles were made by the vampyre-bats, and singular rushings of heavy wings disturbed the silence of the night. Still Manuel kept his eyes fastened upon the white, sculptured face of the sleeping girl, and more than once his heart smote him for the deed he had done. Again—a wicked triumph quickened his pulses.

Deeper and denser grew the midnight darkness outside the immediate space around the fire. The gigantic vines, hanging loosely from the spectral-looking trees, swayed to and fro with an uncertain, ghost-like motion, and the wind swept surging over the flames and scattering the dead and living leaves in its path.

Suddenly came the sound of a tolling bell. For a moment Manuel's face grew white with fear. He turned his head warily in the direction of the sound. Again it came—clear—monotonous—and at a stated interval, like the tongue of a bell hung high in some monastery tower. When he resumed his former posture he was startled again to see Della slowly rising from her recumbent position, her eyes wildly brilliant, her cheeks fearfully red, and a livid circle deepening around her lips.

"Hark!" she said, in low, clear tones, her hand slowly lifting with the finger pointing upward—"hark! the bell—it is time, father."

"Della," said Manuel, moving towards her, awe struck—frightened at her words, "go to sleep again, Della—it is only the Campanero—don't you remember? You were dreaming; you are dreaming now, Della."

"Hush! I tell you the bell tolls," whispered Della, in a voice that curdled his blood—"and I am not nearly ready. Call Rose; is it a bridal or a funeral? I think it is a funeral. Ha! ha! Manuel killed Warren, and they are going to bury him to-day. I must go; call Rose; she will bring me my mantle."

"Della, girl!" almost shouted Manuel, "are you sleeping yet!" and he shook her, thinking to rouse her from some fearful vision.

"Yes, yes—I am almost ready—but the sun it blinds me so," she placed her hands over her eyes to shut out the fire-flame. "It burns, too; it scorches—it did not use to trouble me so in England; oh! but this is a fierce, hot sun! it drinks one's blood."

Manuel retreated a little way from her, quite in despair at her words. Still he thought her under the influence of some frightful dream.

"Oh, Rose, Rose! some water! you will find it on my dressing-case. Kian brought it a moment ago, and it is cold with ice. I never wanted ice in England, but this scorching, blistering, burning sun, I cannot hide away from it; shut the curtains; do, do, shut the curtains!"

Manuel noting now the feverish glow of her cheek, hastened to find water, and gave her some in the hollow of a leaf; standing between her and the fire.

"Oh, Rose! that is good—so good!" she cried, catching some drops, and dashing them on her forehead. "It is cooler now you have closed the curtain. Tell my father I will go to the funeral, by and by, when I feel better—Rose," she murmured, drowsily, and fell back on her pillow of leaves.

"Poor thing! fatigue and fright have brought on the fever!" muttered Manuel. "What can I do for her here in this wild forest? And if she dies! oh, God forgive me! My little Della! my darling!" he murmured, kneeling down and pressing kiss after kiss upon her burning forehead.

After replenishing the fire, he moved again uneasily towards the dear sleeper and watched her narrowly. He applied cool leaves to her feverish brow, and laid them in the palms of her little hands. The whole tenderness of his heart was roused, the better part of his nature revolted from the contemplation of the deed he had done—while, from time to time, the tollings of the campanero or bell-bird, on the topmost branch of some leafless mora-tree, coupled with her singular words about the funeral, sent shuddering and remorse through his heart and frame.

Presently the eyes of the sleeper flew open again. They looked wild and shining still, but the red had faded out of her cheeks, and her lips were blue and ghastly.

"Oh, Rose, I am very cold—deathly cold!" she said, feebly. "Call my father—tell him I am going—but am not strong enough yet.—Oh, cold, cold, cold!" and she shivered in a strong chill.

Manuel threw heaps of brushwood on the flame, lifted the enfeebled girl in his arms, and bore her to the fire. There he laid her in the near vicinity of the blaze, her feet towards it, and chafed her cold limbs, uttering passionate exclamations of love and alarm.

"The bell has done tolling at last," she murmured, feebly. "They have left the cathedral, and taken his body to the grave. What a long procession! and the soldiers look too gay! The women do not attend funerals here—it seems sad. I have not seen his face since they nailed the lid down. Alas! poor Warren, I believed he loved me, and Manuel has killed him. Cruel Manuel!"

It was Manuel's turn to feel fire in his veins now. Not one word of affection or gratitude for him—her thoughts turned to her lover. He ceased chafing her hands, and cried to himself, in a low, smothered voice, "Let her die!—dying she will be mine still!—let her die!" But the heat of the fire revived her, and slowly and surely the frightful fever was returning to her cheeks and her brow. Her language grew yet more incoherent. Now she was a child again, flying before the infuriated miner, piercing the air with heart-rending shrieks, that were answered by the startled inmates of the forest with the most unearthly yells. Manuel was in despair. All that fearful night he watched, and the grey morning found him bending over a livid face, from which all signs of life had departed—moistening the grey-white lips, kissing, while his tears fell like rain, the waxen eyelids so pale and icy. For a long time there was, apparently, neither life nor motion, then there came a faint throbbing at the heart, a cold, white moisture to the brow, and that was all. Manuel forgot to seek his own food, and to leave her for a moment was impossible. He had no knowledge of the medicinal plants that grew at his very feet, and he knew still that the deadly fever of that climate, when brought on by over fatigue or anxiety, was almost certainly fatal in a few hours. The time grew to high noon, and yet the dense shadows of the tropical trees kept out the heat and glare of the sun. Manuel stood looking down upon that sweet, still face, growing so unearthly beautiful as the passing moments waned. His own brow was pale and his eye sunken, while his lips bore the marks of many a thought-trial in which he had pressed his teeth into the flesh.

He thought the fair girl dying, and restlessly his eye sought a place for her sepulture. A little knoll, not far away, and which she had noticed particularly on the previous day, he selected in his mind for the spot. There he could lay the precious body, and then wander in these pathless wilds a perpetual mourner for the dead.

As he stood thus buried in his sad reflections, his quick ear caught the noise of a distant baying. Again and again he heard the sound, each time seeming nearer; then the foliage of the low growth round the base of the trees crackled and snapped, and, in another moment, Lupina, a beautiful greyhound, a pet of Della's, leaped into the clearing, sprang upon him with a low, eager howl, then flying to his mistress, he ran round and round her, whining, whimpering, licking her helpless hands, looking in an almost human way up at Manuel, then, with a prolonged cry, he cleared the space and was out of sight.

"All is over," thought Manuel, "but—" and he laughed almost savagely, "they will find a corpse. The breath must be gone—yes, they will not carry back my beautiful Della, mine! my bride in death."

Pacing back and forth, the young man waited impatiently while another hour rolled by. Yes, they were coming; the undergrowth was disturbed again, this time not alone by the bounding steps of Lupina. The branches parted, and as the dog sprang in again, Professor Vance appeared, his clothes torn and soiled, and his hands bleeding and stained. Following him closely, were Lieutenant Warren, Mr. St. Lemoine himself, haggard and lame, and the soldiers and negroes from the city and from the Everglades.

The professor glided immediately to the side of the prostrate figure, only glancing at Manuel, but Lieutenant Warren, growing deathly pale, drew his sword, and springing towards the Dane with set teeth and flashing eyes, he cried,

"Villain! you deserve death for this dastardly deed!"

The Dane drew himself up; the red in his eyes grew lurid, and he lifted his arm threateningly—but let it fall again, and pointed to Della with a smile of horrible significance, that paled the lieutenant's cheek.

"What! dead, and you smile, wretch!" cried the lieutenant, turning to where the professor stood—and St. Lemoine, in the deepest anguish, was striving to lift the beautiful girl in his arms.

"I hope not," murmured the professor, "but the system seems suffering from utter prostration. Quick, kindle a fire. A canteen—be in a hurry there, men—get some water from the spring we passed but now. I will find the necessary herbs by the time you are ready."

A guard was placed over Manuel, who sullenly refused to speak—the fire blazed again—herbs were thrown into the canteen of boiling water, and Della, her lips having been moistened with weak wine, gave signs of returning consciousness. Several of the negroes were set to work to make an easy litter—others were sent in search of fruits, and every preparation was made to transport the sick girl carefully to her home.

Meanwhile, the lieutenant glared savagely upon Manuel, and took every occasion to direct Mr. St. Lemoine's suspicions against him.

At last the litter was ready; the herbs had produced some effect upon the now conscious girl, who opened her eyes and smiled languidly at sight of the familiar faces round her rude couch.

"Manuel," said Mr. St. Lemoine, as they were ready to take up their march, "this matter looks mysterious, and very much to your prejudice. However, I will not judge you. If God please to let my poor child live, it may be she can exonerate you—if not, the law must deal by you.

That was all he said. The words raised a tumult of anger in the Dane's breast, but he did not offer to speak. He only glared in return with a ferocious look whenever Lieutenant Warren came near him, and a feeling of hate sprang up in his heart as he saw how assiduously Professor Vance attended to the still weak, helpless, and—most of the time—unconscious girl; hate towards the noble-hearted man who only looked for her restoration as his reward.

By slow marches the Everglades was reached at last, where a physician was in readiness, and a couch prepared, while old Kian, dressed fantastically in a half mourning suit of black and white, and Rose, Della's dressing-maid, stood wringing their hands and joining in the lamentations of the house-servants, who all loved Della.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DANE'S SECRET EMPLOYMENT.—RECONCILIATION.

"That is right, my good Rose—please draw the curtains, and send for my father. I am well enough to talk now," she added, seeing that the girl hesitated.

Presently Mr. St. Lemoine appeared leaning on the arm of Professor Vance. He looked pale; his hair was whitened, and his form bowed by grief. The meeting between father and daughter was mute but affecting.

At last Della spoke.

"You see I am better, father. I heard last night, that Manuel was in confinement," she added; her cheek tinged slowly. "Poor Manuel! Father, it was all my fault. He said everything to dissuade me from going—he was bound as well as I—surprised, and robbed. Oh, father, don't blame poor Manuel; how his proud spirit must have chafed!"

"Manuel shall be set at liberty immediately, and ample justice done him," said Mr. St. Lemoine; "I regret he did not tell me this."

"I can understand very well why he could not," said the deep, musical voice of Professor Vance, who was entirely hidden by the curtain.

"Perhaps so," said Mr. St. Lemoine; poor fellow! poor fellow! I will see to it immediately;" and rising, he left the room for that purpose, leaning again upon the arm of Professor Vance.

Manuel had, in truth, been kept in strict confinement since the arrival at the Everglades. His room was double locked, his windows were secured, and a stout mulatto stood guard at his door by day, and was relieved in turn by another of the servants who kept watch through the night.

The room was not very large, but light and well furnished. Matting covered the floor, and the chairs and couches corresponded in richness to the other surroundings of the splendid castle-house. As for the young man himself, the spirit of hate seemed to have taken complete possession of him. Whenever he thought of Lieutenant Warren, it was but to plan out some scheme of revenge. Conscious that he deserved to be suspected, it yet galled him that Mr. St. Lemoine, who had always reposed such confidence in him, should have yielded to the base suspicions of Lieutenant Warren. All his hatred centred in that one point. The lieutenant had circumvented and insulted him—he should yet pay dearly for his enmity. Towards Della he felt nothing but the most passionate love, which strengthened with every rebuff, and grew on disappointment. He had sworn to himself that if she could not marry him, she should wed with nobody else—and his oath was written in blood.

On the day that Della had sent for her father—the fourth after her return, and the first of increasing strength and entire consciousness, Manuel had been busily employed. It was difficult to comprehend at a glance the nature of his work. He had a small laboratory—his table was strewn with bottles and boxes—thin wires lay here and there, and several exceedingly long and slender needles passed continually through his fingers, while he endeavored to fit them to a minute sliding-machine, which he held in the palm of his hand.

As he sat before the table he looked very handsome—masses of brown hair falling over his broad, bold temples, while ever and anon his large eyes turned flashingly towards the look-out from his window. Near his right hand a hut was confined by some ingenious contrivance—several insects, still alive, fluttered near him, and a dead animal, in appearance like a hare, lay extended and lifeless at his feet.

"This has lost its power," he muttered, lifting a half empty vial, which appeared to have been filled with some kind of brown substance that adhered to the edges—"and it is the only thing that will serve me, because I see, after repeated experiments, that it leaves no mark. Even the puncture of a pin looks red, but this invariably closes up the wound, leaving it firm and healthy in appearance. Yet that poor fellow down there was so long dying," he touched the dead animal with his toe—"that I am certain the wourali has lost its strength. I must bide my time, however, find a friendly Macoushi Indian (Wa-wa-nosh will be careful how he comes into my presence again—the traitor!) and buy some fresh made this season. Meantime, I must try my hand at the mark."

He turned: opposite stood a small target, on which were pencilled many minute ciphers, and from the strange cylindrical instrument in the hollow of his hand, he shot one of the slender needle-points.

"Ah, ha! I have practised to some purpose!" he said, exultingly, as after three or four shots he found that he could touch the very centre of the tiny rings. "A day or two more will make me perfect, and then I am ready," he added, with a short, exultant laugh. "It will not be long, sir lieutenant," he continued, "before I am even with you.—Then your jibes and your taunts shall be returned with interest. I will even shake hands with you and make up—*when* you are not likely to waken up in this world. Hallos, there!"

It was not the low voice of the guard that met the ear of the Dane, but the quick, impetuous tones of St. Lemoine himself. The latter entered the room, but not before Manuel hearing the key in the lock, removed the bat and the hare, and threw the long table-cover over his vials.

Mr. St. Lemoine came forward with extended hands.

"Manuel, I have wronged you sadly," he said; "Della has just told me all."

The young man stood still while the elder one advanced. The expression of his face had changed entirely; it was quiet, composed, even haughty.

"I am not the first man, Mr. St. Lemoine, who, in striving to do his best, has suffered from imputation of wrong-doing. Men have gone even to the scaffold innocently."

"Forgive my rashness, Manuel," said Mr. St. Lemoine, quite humbly, "I have unwittingly wronged you; but remember I am a father; I was then distracted; how could I know; what could I think?" he stopped, much agitated.

"You might have trusted me," said the wily Dane, lowering his eyelids, while his voice took a sadder tone—"you have trusted me for nine long years; why not now?"

"Manuel, I was wrongly advised; in fact, worked up to it. But I can do nothing more than tender you this apology, and say that you are free, by Della's explanation."

"Thank you, sir," said Manuel, extending his hand, though somewhat coldly.

"And I have to request that you will still remain with me. You are my right hand, good Manuel; I find it so, indeed, since I have been deprived of your services. Believe me, my injustice to you shall be amply atoned for."

"I indulge in no hard thoughts towards you, sir," said Manuel respectfully; and thus the interview ended.

Manuel was restored to his old place in the household, but he was never again the same man he had been.

Professor Vance had been indisposed since his exciting march in the interior, and still remained, invalided, at the Everglades. Lieutenant Warren rode out every day to inquire after Della's health, and seemed a good deal disappointed at the turn matters had taken in Manuel's case. His brow darkened as he heard of it, and when he met the Dane he scarcely bestowed a passing glance. Both young men were equally fiery, impetuous, and jealous, but in Manuel's mind a deep rooted determination to be revenged existed; he planned for it in his waking and even his sleeping thoughts; and as Della gradually regained her health, and the old confidence was restored between the young soldier and herself, the terrible desire was strengthened.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Supposing experience does not give us new habits, it teaches us, at all events, to hide the holes in those we have.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid in ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and one of Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$2,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50
Two Copies of THE POST,	3,00
Four " (and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$5,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty (and one paper extra, and both engravings of Niagara Falls)	30,00

☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen,* or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 139 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

HOUSE CLEANING TIME.

A poetical correspondent of the *North American* sends to that paper the following excellent parody on a well known poem of Bryant's:—

SPRING CLEANING.

BY A SUFFERER.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of cleaning paint, and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near;
Heaped in the corners of the room, the ancient dirt lay quiet,
Nor rose up at the father's tread, nor to the children's riot;
But now the carpets are all up, and from the stair-case top
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented,
Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so easy and contented?
Alas! they're turned all upside down, that quiet suit of rooms,
With slops and suds, and soap and sand, and cobs and pails and brooms;
Chairs, tables, stands, are standing round at sixes and at sevens,
While wife and housemaid fly about like meteors in the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floor were cleaned a week ago;
The carpets shook, and windows washed, as all the neighbors know;
But still the sanctum had escaped—the table piled with books,
Pens, ink and paper all about, peace in its very looks—
'Till fell the women on them all, as falls the plague on men,
And then they vanished all away—books, papers, ink and pen.

And now when comes the master home, as come he must of nights,
To find all things are "set to wrongs" that they have "set to rights;"
When the sound of driving tacks is heard, though the house is far from still,
And the carpet-woman on the stairs, that harbinger of ill—
He looks for papers, books or bills, that all were there before,
And sighs to find them on the desk or in the drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afoot,
And wishes she were out at sea, in a very leaky boat.
He meets her at the parlor door, with hair and cap awry;
With sleeves tucked up, and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said,
So holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

In reference to this important matter we may say, that every man should have it clearly understood before marriage, that there is to be no such general fuss as is described above, in house-cleaning time. There is not a particle of necessity for it, as we know by a considerable degree of experience. Every good and sensible wife will clean her house a room or two at a time—not putting more out of order in the morning, than can be completely finished before night. Nothing but the demon of discord and confusion could prompt housekeepers to the general setting to wrongs, uncarpeting of floors, and disarray of furniture which many of them indulge in. It should be considered a sufficient cause for a divorce—or, at least, separation from bed and board for a full week. It is abominable, disagreeable, unnecessary—and no one worthy the name of a capable housekeeper, does it. In fact, if we were asked to write a few lines to put upon the gravestone of a really good wife, we should be disposed to write these:—"Her happy husband never knew when house cleaning time came!"

AMERICAN COURTESY.

Here is more pleasant reading from an English source. The London "*Family Friend*" says:—

It is a matter of common remark how superior American women are generally to the men; and who can tell how far the marked deference to women has preserved those *rude republicans* from a lower state of social morals! What the influence of an aristocracy is upon public opinion, upon taste and manners, and all those things in life and feeling that are connected with them, such in great measure is the true influence of women, affecting the whole current of active life without mingling in it.

We will warrant that the writer of the above was an English *man*, not an English *woman*. If it had been the latter, she might have been expected to utter a precisely opposite sentiment.

As to courtesy, any fair-minded stranger would say, judging by what he sees in steamboats, omnibusses, and railroad cars, that American men are decidedly superior to American women. If a vehicle be crowded, American men always rise and give American women—and even Irish servant girls—their seats; for which politeness they are only about half the time thanked. Therefore, in the respect of courtesy—and that represents a fair sprinkling of the virtues—the men of this country are superior, as a general thing, to the women.

Still—while asserting this—we do not mean to depreciate the fairer half of creation on this side of the Atlantic. In fact, all American men religiously believe that the American women are the noblest and best in the world—creatures of air and fire, whose infinite spirit is only equalled by their infinite devotedness. In fact, we may argue fairly—that the reason that more deference is paid to them than to any other women in the world, is simply because they are more worthy of such deference. And if they do press our masculine necks sometimes a little hard with their queenly feet, one glance at those queenly feet, and more queenly faces, makes us forget it.

As to the men of this country being termed "*crude* republicans," when it is admitted that they show a "marked deference to women," we are inclined to think that the writer is inconsistent with himself. If there is rudeness, it is merely a matter of the exterior. The courtesy of the general American public to women, and its patience and good nature under those vexatious delays and embarrassments of travel which so try the temper, we venture to say are equalled by no people in the world. John Bull has his many virtues, but, unless travellers are to be disbelieved, courtesy to women, and patience and good humor in travelling, are not among them—in spite of all "the influence of an aristocracy." Why, it was only the other day that we saw in an English magazine, an article recommending that people of different classes should dress differently, in order to avoid the chilling reserve that every well-dressed man now feels towards another, until he finds out in some way, who he is, and that he would not be losing caste by simply conversing with him!

WHITE WHEAT.

One of our agricultural exchanges says:—

White wheat bears the highest price for two reasons:—One is that it makes a whiter and more choice article of fancy flour for use in families, and for which the highest price is given just as the highest price is given by those who can afford it for the choicest cuts of a fat steer, or for the best portions of a fat sheep; again it is wanted by those who can purchase red wheat or mixed wheats at less rates, to mix with these kinds, and thus in some degree to aid in giving a white character to the flour manufactured. The spring, winter red and mixed wheats being always easily to be had whilst the pure white is scarce, the reason of it being high in price is obvious. At the present moment, Wisconsin spring wheat is worth $1,25 in the New York market. The miller takes three bushels of this wheat and adds to it one and a half bushels of white Kentucky or white Michigan, which sells at $1,65; and thus puts in market a quality of flour that passes inspection probably, or retails out as equal to fancy, and which nets him a fair profit; whereas, if the red wheat were ground up alone, it would have to go upon market as both inferior in color and quality, and of little comparative value.

Yes, the white wheat, and the white flour made from it, do bring the highest price in the market. But we will let our readers into a secret;—while the white flour costs more, it does not make such good bread as the red. It will make whiter bread, we grant—but, in all other respects, the bread is inferior. Try for yourselves. Buy a barrel of flour made of the best red wheat—do not mind the exclamations of the flour merchant—and see, when it is made up, whether you really have not a better article for *eating*—not for looking at—than the bread made from the superfine white flour.

RED TAPE.—We see it stated that when the British made an attack upon the Chinese, several years ago, a telegraphic wire was laid down between the landing place and headquarters—but, when the operators went to work it, they found that the batteries had been left in England, and the wire was useless even with a General at one end, and an Admiral at the other. Probably, in the subdivision of offices, it had been made one man's duty to see that the wire was put aboard, and another's to attend to the magnetic batteries.

☞ AS TO PARTNERS.—Hints for the ladies on this point are given as follows:—For whist, the cleverest and most indulgent; for dancing, the handsomest and most amusing; for business, the steadiest, the wealthiest, and the most attentive; and for marriage—one who combines the qualities of all the three.

☞ Says an astronomer to a bright-eyed girl, when talking of rainbows—"Did you ever see a lunar bow, miss?" "I have seen a beau by moonlight, if that's what you mean," was the sly rejoinder.

☞ WIT.—D'Orsay, in remarking on a beauty speck on the cheek of a lady, compared it to a gem on a rose leaf. "The compliment is *far fetched*, observed her ladyship. "How can that be," rejoined the count, "when it is made on the *spot?*"

☞ The Census takers find great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of girls, a large majority of them being only sixteen. In one family in a neighboring State, there were found to be twelve girls between ten and sixteen years of age.

As much of the self-denial of her married life, Mrs. Swissheim says she wore a $2,50 bonnet seven winters without altering.

The above statement occurs in a letter from Mrs. Swissheim, in which she justifies herself for separating from her husband. The chief point of the letter is, that Mr. Swissheim either could not or would not support her. What in the deuce is in the women nowadays—and the men? Or is it a matter of climate, and were the aborigines as unsettled as we seem to be growing in our domestic relations? What have Schoolcraft and McKinney—"the Kickapoo ambassador"—to say upon this point? Really what with separations, elopements, and curious resolutions of Woman's Rights Conventions, our domestic affairs seem to be in quite an unsettled condition. For our part, we think those of the ladies who have been, as they coolly express it, "*differing* with St. Paul," will have to come back like wandering sheep to the Apostolic fold. Your ideas upon matrimony are not at all new, ladies; they are such as naturally occurred to men and women in the earliest ages; and it will puzzle you to come to a wiser decision upon certain matters than the great Apostle came to. In Paris, where your ideas are practically carried out, the men seem to be shunning more and more the burden of married life, and taking up with more temporary partners—and, when they do marry, are seldom faithful and loving. A recent letter of our correspondent in that city, shows what an American's conclusions are, one who has had a good opportunity of judging fairly.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE; OR, Physical and Mental Hygiene. By W. M. Cornell, M. D. Published by J. Challen & Son, Philadelphia.

NOTES ON THE GREEK TEXT OF THE EPISTLE OF PAUL TO PHILEMON, AS THE BASIS OF A REVISION OF THE COMMON ENGLISH VERSION, WITH NOTES. Published by the American Bible Union, New York; and for sale by J. Challen & Co., Philadelphia.

LEWIS ARUNDEL; or, The Railroad of Life. By FRANK E. SMEDLEY, author of Frank Fairlegh. Published by T. B. Peterson, & Bros., Philadelphia.

DEVEREUX. A Tale. By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. Library edition. In two volumes. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE. June number. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia.

KATHERINE MORRIS: An Autobiography. By the author of "Step by Step," &c. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston; and for sale by Gant & Volkmar, Philadelphia.

MARY BUNYAN, the Dreamer's Blind Daughter. By SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD, author of "Grace Truman." Published by Sheldon & Co., New York; and for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

EXTEMPORANEOUS DISCOURSES, Delivered in the Broadway Church, New York, by E. H. CHAPIN, D. D. First Series. Published by O. Hutchinson, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

CLARA MORELAND. By EMERSON BENNETT, author of "Viola," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bro., Phila.

WOMAN'S HOME BOOK OF HEALTH. A Work for Mothers and Families. By JOHN STAINBACK WILSON, M. D., of Columbus, Ga. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

FRANK FAIRLEGH. By FRANK E. SMEDLEY, author of "Lewis Arundel," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

RUTLEDGE. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York; and for sale by G. G. Evans, Phila.

OUTLINES OF THE FIRST COURSE OF YALE AGRICULTURAL LECTURES. By HENRY S. OLCOTT. Published by Saxton, Barker & Co., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

SCHOOL OF THE GUIDES; Designed for the Use of the Militia of the United States. By Col. EUGENE LE GAL. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for June. Published by Ticknor, Fields & Co., Boston.

AMERICAN HISTORY. By JACOB ABBOTT. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By MRS. GELDART. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York; and for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Phila.

SCIENCE IN THEOLOGY. Sermons by ADAM S. FARRAR, M. A. Published by Smith, English & Co., Phila. Price 25 cents.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE, for May. Published by Appleton & Co., New York.

JAPANESE BOTANY. Being a Fac Simile of a Japanese Book, with Introductory Notes and Translations. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE BOY INVENTOR; a Memoir of Matthew Edwards, Mathematical Instrument Maker. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, and for sale by Gant & Volkmar, Philada.

MUSIC. "Good Morrow," "Song of Our Native Land," "Cavatina in Roberto Devereux" (L'Amor suo mi fe beata,) "One by One have Passed Away," and "Le Carnaval of Venise," are published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, and for sale by Beck & Lawton, Philadelphia.

"One Hundred Beautiful Melodies for the Violin, selected from all the favorite Operas;" and "One Hundred Voluntaries, Preludes, and Interludes, for the Organ, Harmonicon, or Melodeon," are published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

☞ NOT BAD.—A Chinese merchant in San Francisco tersely gave an American friend his ideas on the Japanese Embassy's reception in this country, as follows:—"Japanese great men now—Americans want more Treaty—by'n-by Treaty be signed, Japanese like anybody—just like Chinese—just like dam nigger."

☞ Take life like a man. Take it just as though it was, as it is, an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it; as though the world had waited for your coming.

☞ We are prone to judge others narrowly by their particular acts; we like ourselves to be judged generously, by our spirit.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart. You ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of their infancy,
While to the fullness of your heart's glad heavings
Their fair cheeks rose and fell, and their bright hair
Waved softly to your breath! You ne'er kept watch
Beside them till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph broke
On your dim, weary eye. Not yours the face
Which early faded through fond care for them.
Hung o'er their sleep, and duly as heaven's light,
Was there to greet their wakening! You ne'er smoothed
Their couch, nor sung them to their rosy rest,
Caught their last whisper, when their voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lips to theirs
When fever parched them—hushed their wayward cries
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No! these are woman's tasks!

☞ The New York Tribune expresses the opinion that young women in the country marry more recklessly than anywhere else. Is there a village of *fifty* houses in the land wherein a plausible, well-dressed adventurer, of whom nobody knows anything, cannot marry a girl of spotless character, after a residence of six weeks? Such marriages—in fact all marriages not based upon intimate knowledge and profound esteem, as well as fervent love—are somewhat more reputable than what is called Free Love, but scarcely one whit less culpable and perilous.

☞ A young man, becoming engaged recently, was desirous of presenting his intended with a ring, appropriately inscribed: but being at a loss what to have engraved on it, called upon his father for advice. "Well," said the old man, "put on, 'When this you see, remember *me!*'" The young lady was much surprised, a few days after, at receiving a beautiful ring, with this inscription: "When this you see, remember *father.*"

☞ GEORGE WASHINGTON ANGLICIZED.—The Longmans have published a book called "The Washingtons," a history of the family in England, a notice of which thus concludes: "Laurence Washington took up his abode at Brighton in 1607, and it was his son John who, after fighting by King Charles's side, at the battle of Marston Moor, left his native land in disgust at democratic rule, in 1657. George Washington, who fought against his King, was Sir John's great-grandson."

☞ Two dandies were, some time ago, taken before a Dublin magistrate, charged with "intending to fight a duel." The justice, who was a shrewd and waggish man, had strong doubts as to the really pugnacious inclination of either of the professed belligerents; so he dismissed them upon a promise "not to carry the matter further," but added, "Gentlemen, I let you off this time, but, upon my conscience, if you are brought again before me, I'm blest if I don't bind you both down to fight." They did not offend a second time.

☞ WITTY SUPERSCRIPTION.—A witty boy, writing a letter to a schoolfellow in a well-known academy in New England, superscribed his letter in the following way:

Wood
John
Mass.

which three words, with the relative position of the name "John,"—indicate the boy's whole name, the town and State where he studied. To avoid puzzling the Postmaster, this was enclosed in another envelope, and addressed without the enigma, *John Underwood, Andover, Mass.*

☞ The "Record," the Evangelical organ in England, had half a column or more about the Prize Fight, introduced with the apologetic bit of business that "it only mentioned such matters to show the depth of depravity of which the unregenerate heart was capable," or something to that effect.

☞ Lord Granville, when he speaks in the British Parliament, always buries his hands in his coat pockets, and in the most wonderful way lifts his coat tail as if he were standing with his back to the fire, as if the portly personages behind him were so many blazing faggots intended to warm him into life.

☞ The Milwaukie News says the best protector from mosquitoes will be "obtained by marrying a pretty woman." These pests never bite a man when they can find something better and sweeter.

☞ "If an earthquake were to engulph England to-morrow," said Douglas Jerrold, "the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event."

☞ When you hear a man insisting upon points of etiquette and fashion; wondering, for instance, how people can eat with steel forks and survive it, or what charms existence has for those who dine at three, without soup and fish, be sure that that individual is a snob.

☞ An experienced old stager says, if you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

☞ How should Love come to the door?—Certainly with a ring, but not without a rap.

☞ The editor of the Bethel Courier says he has "a piece of land up in *Paradise.*" We don't see what good property up there can do him!

☞ Between life and death—between the material and the eternal—there is often only the thickness of a shoe-sole.

☞ A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

☞ GREEN COTTON DRESSES.—The Leipsic Common Council has, under heavy penalties, interdicted the sale of cotton goods or ball dresses of a green color, on account of their being dyed with Schweenfurt's green, which is arsenate of copper, and a deadly poison.

☞ Motto for a Kossuth hat—"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again."

☞ No less than three murders have already occurred in this country, because of quarrels growing out of the late prize fight; one in Albany, one in the western part of this State, and the third in New Orleans.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PARIS, May 4, 1860.

On the first of May—which is allowed to come and go, in this country, without any of the pretty traditional honors for which it often shows itself so ungrateful in Anglo-Saxon lands—the long reign of the unparalleled Winter from which we have suffered so much this year, seems to have come to its welcome end. Blue skies and golden sunshine that would elsewhere have delighted the hearts of school-children and chimney-sweeps, greeted the three million eyes of Paris on their opening; and the weather has been splendid up to this present writing. Wise heads shake a little at the confidence expressed by their neighbors that "fine weather has fairly set in;" and advise a prudent reticence with regard to dress and projects "until the end of the *Lune Rousse*," which is so great a bugbear in this country, and which, this year, falls late, and will not terminte its maleficent career until the 22d inst. The public, so eager to get out into the first ray of sunshine, pay little heed to these warnings; the shops, so long empty, are crammed with buyers. Spring goods are going off as fast as shopmen can supply them, and dressmakers and milliners are beside themselves with the impatience of their customers.

THE FASHIONS.

For the edification of my lady-readers, I may mention that crinolines are as general as ever, but worn *much* smaller than last year; that white crape bonnets, with colored rims, flowers, and white or black blonde, are decidedly *the rage*, and that gold ornaments are less worn on them than it was supposed they would be. With regard to dresses, silks and light worsted fabrics are most worn; the former *chine*, or cross-barred with narrow black lines; the latter of narrow stripes, generally trimmed in harmony with the darker one. The most fashionable mantle is a return to the *sack* so much in fashion *a dozen years ago*, of black taffeta, with a half-handkerchief collar of rich Maltese or Genoa *guipure* coming nearly to the waist, the long hanging sleeves, and sometimes the whole sack—which reaches below the knee—being trimmed with *guipure* varying in depth from half an inch to two or three inches in width. This is the newest style; but those who have deep laces or *guipures* to display, prefer another form, consisting of a half-handkerchief (somewhat rounded in front and behind, and cut deep enough to come well over the shoulders) to which is attached a flounce varying in depth from half to three quarters of a yard. The lace or *guipure* is fulled on to this flounce, or is simply added to the shoulder-piece without the silk flounce. Dresses are worn mostly very full, with one flounce round the bottom, and one or two *ruches* or other trimmings above this flounce; these trimmings being of the same material as the dress, or of ribbon or velvet to match. For mornings, or half-dress, the gown is made high, opens in front, and is trimmed with very full quillings of ribbon all down the front, or with flat ornaments of velvet. Among the novelties in the way of embroideries, is the application of raised flowers, which are most ingeniously made by the needle, and then sewed on to the surface of the muslin, from which they are otherwise entirely detached. This new style is rather expensive, but is exceedingly rich and pretty, and is said to be very easily "got up." "Zouave jackets" are another "rage" of the moment. They are made of silk, muslin, unbleached linen, and another fashionable fabric—a sort of very bad imitation of the venerable nankeen which most ladies of the present generation grew so sick of in their childhood, and which resembles particularly hard, stout, unbleached kitchen towels, dyed of a disagreeable yellow. This lovely invention is "the go" for the sea-side, picnics, and country-wear in general, and is made up in the form of a very full skirt, and a "*Zouave*" to match, the whole resplendently trimmed with scarlet braid, and all the seams put together with "piping" of the same color. Colored boots are altogether discarded; black leather ones being worn with dresses of all colors, and giving way to slippers—finished off with a bow, rosette, or buckle—and open work stockings, as the weather becomes warm.

HAM AND GINGERBREAD.

The famous yearly Ham and Gingerbread Fairs held here each spring, are just over.—The amount of business done in them is always very large, and the curious scene attracts immense crowds of idlers, who assemble to feast their eyes on the masses of gingerbread sent by Dijon, Rheims, Rennes, and all the renowned centres of the trade. Why the product in question should be called "Gingerbread," or more strictly, "Spice Bread," (*pain d'epices*) it is hard to divine, for no spice of any kind seems to enter into its composition now, whatever may have been the case in "the days of long ago." The very cheap, hard, tough varieties of French gingerbread, of which enormous quantities are delightedly disposed of by children and the "lower order" in general, is as distressing a subject of mastication as can well be conceived of. But the finer kinds, produced by the best makers, are fit for the gods.—The square sugared *flats* of Auger of Dijon, for instance, the *Nonnettes* of that renowned maker, and of *Seguin* of Paris, almost as good, and the wonderful little *Chanoinesses* of Remiremont, are so particularly "good," that if you have once eaten them, you can never think of them again without your mouth beginning to water, whether you will or no.

The Ham Fair, though less picturesque than its neighbor, is also a very important affair.—This season it has been both well supplied and well attended. No less than 360 stalls were put up, each occupied by a different dealer.—Every part of France famed for the article, Bayonne, Mayence, Strasburg, Colmar, was there represented; together with York and Westphalia. Bacon, Tongues, Sausages, in fact everything furnished by the grunting tribe, unite their fascinations to those of Hams; and when I add that the 360 dealers averaged a sale of two tons each, the estimation in which these porcine products are held in this country will be sufficiently apparent.

MASS IN MUSIC.

Curiously contrasting with the Easter displays just mentioned, is the admirable "Mass in Music" of the Sixtine Chapel, only performed at this season, and drawing crowds of music-lovers every spring to Rome to hear it.—This Mass, so interesting to lovers of music for its great beauty, and the perfection with which it is executed, has some interesting associations not generally known.

The Council of Trent had declared against the use of music in churches, owing to its having, at that epoch, assumed a profane character unsuitable to religious worship. A commission was named to effect a reform in the matter, and one of its members, Carlo Borromeo, (since made a saint of,) being well acquainted with the genius of the great composer, Palestrina,—who, at the age of 27, had been appointed Director of the music in the Giulia Chapel of the Vatican—applied to him. At Borromeo's suggestion, the great composer undertook to write a mass on the success of which the fate of church music was to depend; as, if he failed, it was to be banished forever from the temples of the Catholic faith.

Deeply alive to the importance of the work confided to his genius, Palestrina retired to a small house buried in the vineyards of Mount Coelius, and in two months came back to Rome, bringing with him three masses, one of which was universally approved of. On hearing it executed in the Sixtine Chapel, the Pope exclaimed,

"Such must be the strains heard by the Apostle John in the Heavenly Jerusalem!"

This unequalled mass is always executed in the old Sixtine Chapel, on Easter Eve. It is said that it has been transmitted, from generation to generation, by "word of mouth" only; Palestrina having destroyed his original score, as soon as the members of his choir had learned their respective parts by rote, in order that this noble performance might never be heard elsewhere, but might remain forever as the crowning glory of the Sixtine Chapel. It is generally spoken of as the *Missa Papæ Marcelli*, because it was first published under the Pontificate of Pope Marcellus.

AFFAIRS IN ROME.

The present Pope and his advisers seem to be bent more on providing the music of the cannon than the harmony of the Divine Art. The warlike preparations now going on at Rome, under the auspices of Gen. Lamoriciere, are well calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the papal subjects. General Lamoriciere is evidently animated by the most enthusiastic reverence for the Papacy. He was formerly a Liberal, both in politics and religion; but he has recently married a lady of the Faubourg St. Germain, whose attachment, and that of her family, to the Roman Creed and Institutions is of the most devoted quality. But though evidently regarding as a most holy affair, the drawing of the sword on behalf of St. Peter, the General is a French soldier and gentleman; and though he has entered on his singular mission with all the zeal of a Catholic, and is prepared to use, in behalf of his new master, all his great skill in military affairs, and his still more remarkable talent as an administrator and organizer, private letters from Rome describe him as having been dreadfully taken aback at what he has now seen of the abusive *regime* of the Cardinals, and say that he has had various stormy interviews with them and their master, and has demanded that Cardinal Antonelli should retire from public life, and his place be taken by a Frenchman, a friend of his, and warm adherent of the Catholic faith, but liberal, progressive, and fully capable, if permitted to do so, of undertaking the practical reform of the abuses now rampant at Rome, and throughout its territory. As a sample of the energetic way in which the new Commander of the Papal forces behaves at Rome, these letters recount that he went, a few days ago, to the Chateau of St. Angelo, to inspect with his own eyes the "munitions of war," stated to be kept there in store. When he reached the outer door of the part of the building stated to be used as a magazine, the functionaries who attended him, attempted to arrest his progress by remarking,

"Excellency, the door is locked!"

"Get the key," said the General."

"Excellency, the key is lost," replied the officials.

"Get a locksmith," said the General.

"Excellency, there is no locksmith in this quarter of the town," responded the officials.

"You see these!" demanded the General, drawing his pistols from his belt.

"Excellency, we see them!" replied the officials, in a terrible fright, expecting to have bullets in their heads forthwith.

"I give you ten minutes to open this door," said the General; "if it be not opened by that time, I shall blow off the lock with these pistols."

The functionaries still thinking that their heads might not be altogether safe if things came to such an extremity, concluded that farther obstinacy would perhaps be unadvisable; and in less than the number of minutes specified by the General as his *ultimatum*, the key was "found," and the door was opened.

Not one ounce of ammunition or military stores of any kind did the fortress contain; the vast rooms said to be full of these supplies being found by the General to contain nothing but harness, old furniture, and other "trumpery," belonging to various officials in high places, who had thought proper to use them for their own private convenience.

Whether General Lamoriciere is destined to succeed in inducing the Roman Government to carry out the desired reforms, remains to be seen. When we consider how many noble brains and hearts have labored in vain to lead the heads of the Roman Church to enter on the policy of Progress and Conciliation which they fondly hoped might reconcile the claims of the Present, the aspirations of the Future, and the poetic associations of the Past, and thus bring the Church which calls itself Universal, within the circle of humanitary sympathies and the large activities of the epoch, we can scarcely hope that he will be more fortunate than Savonarola, Lammenais, and other enthusiastic believers in a Neo-Catholicism which Rome has hitherto so persistently refused to translate from the region of aspiration to that of actual life. QUANTUM.

A RAILROAD STORY.

The Daily Wisconsin tells the following story of a railroad adventure:

According to the time tables, which stared me in the face whichever way I turned in that vast structure called the N. & Y. R. R. Depot, the train was to leave at 12:05. I clutched my belt and it was there, and the solid substance therein chinked all right. In that leather strap was $4,000 in gold, which I had obtained at "Winter's Bank" for paper currency which that institution redeemed. I looked about for a comfortable place to lie down. Disappointed, I took the first seat I came to, and endeavored to rest, as even duty and care had succumbed to the demands of the somnolent Morpheus. 'Twas pretty tough riding, as the road was not remarkable for its smoothness, and an occasional bump of my intellectual organs was just sufficient to keep me from snoring soundly, or forgetting myself in the pleasures of sleep."

"Will you take my shawl?" said a gentleman behind me, whom I recognized as my depot acquaintance.

"If you can spare it," said *I*; and as I was chilly, it was indeed welcome. He placed it under my head and shoulders, and was putting it around my back, when I objected, as it was unnecessary. Relaxing my nerves, and assuming an easier position, I fell off precipitately into the valley of dreams.

* * * * * * *

"Fare, sir!" said a rough but honest looking man. I felt for my pocket-book. It was gone! I ran my hand around my waist. The belt, too, was gone! I jumped from the seat, exclaiming:

"I have been robbed!"

The conductor looked at me incredulously.

"This is the N. & Y. R. R., and I shall make it responsible for this outrageous theft," I warmly spoke, not considering the legal points in the case.

"You are mistaken, sir; this is the L. O. & G. R. Railway. You came aboard several stations back: thinking you were sick, I did not disturb you, and would not now were it not the end of my route." All this he vouchsafed to explain in a conciliatory manner, not knowing but I was a bank president, being somewhat airy in my speech.

"All I have to say is, that I have not a cent to pay my fare, and must trust to luck to get back to the village where I got into this car, to see if something cannot be done to recover my four thousand dollars!"

"The train back to Burke will leave in about fifteen minutes, and as this was my route, I shall take you back with me, so that in case you get the money you say you have lost, I may get my fare. As I shall lay over at Burke part of to-morrow afternoon, I may aid you in finding a clue to your funds." The conductor, impressed with my earnest manner, entered into the subject with more interest than I had anticipated.

I was now thoroughly alarmed, and feared it impossible to obtain any information about my cash. I knew that I went to sleep on the N. & Y. R. R.; that a gentleman gave me a shawl to rest my weary head upon; that since that time I remembered nothing but my reveries and nightmares. I also know that between the two railroad lines there was about a mile of staging, and I must have come to this train by that route. The more I thought, the more I wondered, and being somewhat superstitious, I half suspected that I had been spiritually controlled.

How long I slept I do not remember, but woke without an effort. We arrived at Burke, and the sun was shining brightly upon the snow-capped houses and hills, and sleigh bells jingled in the street. I had a presentiment that if the individual that I had become acquainted with in the depot, were he who had robbed me, I should find him at a certain private house in Burke, which he had mentioned in conversation to an apparent stranger who sat beside him. With the conductor as my cicerone, I found a magistrate, laid my case before him, and gave my opinion of the whereabouts of the thief or thieves. Two constables were instructed to visit the house.

In company with the officers, walking the street with the shawl I had received on the N. Y. line bundled about my face, I noticed it had a peculiar odor which affected me to dizziness. I took it off and carried it on my arm, and had proceeded but a short distance when I saw two men on the opposite side of the way pointing towards me. Instinct said: "They are the robbers." Chase was given, and after a long race, a knock down and some blood drawn, the men were secured and taken to the court-house for examination. The greater portion of the $4,000 was found upon them, only $75 having been spent by them. I was in high spirits and perfectly happy, with one exception, and that was the desire to know how I had been robbed. I supposed that I had been relieved of the gold while asleep, but did not believe it possible that I could be plundered of a belt sewed around my waist while merely dozing. The curiosity to know the facts in the case increased momentarily, and I finally stated that I would withdraw the complaint, if the thieves would tell how they accomplished the deed.

Very willingly they agreed to the proposition, and all gathered around to hear the story:

"Last Thursday morning," said my depot acquaintance, "you left Olney with a carpet-bag full of bills, to be redeemed at Old Winter's Bank up Deer Creek to Richmond. I happened to hear you speak of the matter to a friend, while passing down street, and thinking I might turn a penny by watching you, I did so with my chum here. You got aboard of the boat, and rode all day without leaving your boy. Tom here went with you, and I went by rail. We got to Richmond by 4, P. M. You went to the bank, and was closeted four hours with the cashier, received the specie on your bills, had it placed in a hollow belt, and sewed to your pants and vest. Tom here kept his eyes on you till ten o'clock, when we went to the depot, expecting you to return on the twelve o'clock train. You came into the depot about eleven and a half o'clock, sober, careful, and wide awake. 'Guess not,' says he, showing me a little bottle with a white mixture in it. 'All right,' says I, 'I'll play up to him a little bit.'

"I went across the room, and sat down 'long side of you. We talked and made good friends. At last the train came. We got aboard. Somehow I lost track of you when we got aboard, but found you in a few minutes. You was tired and sleepy. I gave you this shawl!" (and he took hold of the one I had on my arm).

"You went to sleep in a second. The shawl was saturated with chloroform and some other stuff on the very spot you laid your head. I took my razor and slit your belt clean around. The gold rolled out on the shawl. You was insensible; I held your head in my lap, and smothered your face. I understood mesmerism, and I held you in my power: but the chloroform was strong enough, and I was afraid then it was too strong and might kill you. After we had been aboard about two hours, the train stopped at a station. We got off, having paid our fare, pretending you were a sick brother. We carried you off the cars to a carriage, and by the way bumped pretty hard several times. We hardly knew what to do with you, but concluded to send you out on the I. O. & G. M. train, so as to get you as far from us as possible."

(As the thief narrated these facts, I followed him in the story by remembering my dreams, which corresponded to the various scenes I had passed through.)

"We got you off nicely, indeed, not supposing you would ever see this part of the country again. And that was the way it was done."

Returning home that night with $3,900, I met with a hearty welcome, as my safety had been in question for some time. That night we had a "good time" in the sitting-room back of the banking office. President, Cashier, two Directors, and all the assistants listened to my story as I have told it above; and thought that I had a narrow escape from losing not only the money, but my position. I thought so too.

W. M. C.

PREPARED FOR ANYTHING.

Was there ever a more capital instance of a woman posted up in the whole science of matrimonial finesse, and ready for any kind of an emergency which might arise—than this, from the London Court Circular:—

The late Mr. Murrell, whose death figures in the Dublin papers, had been absent from England more than a a quarter of a century. In the early part of his life, when studying for the bar in London, he became acquainted with an actress of exceeding beauty, named Dely, and finding he could not procure her as a mistress, resolved to venture upon her as a wife. They married, but as their dispositions were not exactly similar, they were not superlatively happy. One morning, on returning from rehearsal at the Royal Circus, where she was then performing, she addressed her astonished husband thus: "Mr. Murrell, I believe you are heartily tired of me, as I am heartily tired of you; so that if you will settle five hundred a year upon me, I will put you in a way of dissolving our marriage." This proposal was made by the lady only three months after their marriage. Mr. Murrell eagerly embraced the offer, and gave her his bond for performing his part of the contract; on which she produced a certificate of her previous marriage to a performer of one of the minor theatres, who lived in Mount Gardens, Lambeth. This point being ascertained, Mr. M. refused to pay the annuity, and she found there was a flaw in the drawing up, which put it out of her power to compel him. She therefore told him, unless he entered into a new and legal engagement she would take a step which would still render her marriage with him perfectly valid. He laughed at her, but she performed her promise by bringing a certificate, and producing a register, by which it appeared that the performer, previous to his marriage with her, was actually married to a vocalist, who was then alive. This disconcerted the gentleman, who, however, managed to get quit of her importunities by giving her £3,000, in hard cash, on condition of her going to America, where she once more entered the connubial state, and obtained great notoriety as a most excellent actress.

☞ RUNNING A SAW.—A Frenchman at Dexter, Maine, undertook, a few days since, upon a wager of $19, to saw six cords of wood, two cuts, between sunrise and sunset. He accomplished four cords and seven feet at 6 P. M., and then gave up the job. The Frenchman was carried down to Dexter for the purpose, by a hotel keeper, who waged $40 on his head. The wood was packed very close to make the feat as hard as possible. Besides having a man constantly sharpening them, the betting landlord furnished a round of pork with which to lubricate the saws.

☞ Great interest is excited in France by the discovery of a solid green. Various experiments have been tried with it in coloring silks, cottons and woolens, and the result is said to be a perfect success, as the color produced neither changes nor fades with wear. The importance of this discovery to the trade will be perceived when it is known that Chinese green, the only dye hitherto employed, is sold at about $20 per kilogramme, while the new green can be sold at $12, and with a good profit to the manufacturer.

☞ Simplicity of style is safe for all. For those whose education has been much limited it is the only safety; for if they will use an abundance of fine words, they must either use them in combinations already familiar, and therefore generally unimpressive—or, if they attempt an original application, they must often hazard a wrong one.

☞ A PETTICOAT FIGHT.—There is a petticoat fight in Paris. Eugenie, the Empress, and Mesdames de Morny, and Walewski, head the crinoline party, and go for the voluminous sufficiency of the hoop; while the Princess de Metternich, and some other ladies of rank are for dropping it.

☞ A person reading a quotation from the London Literary Gazette, respecting the consumption of oil, found the usual abbreviation *London Lit. Gaz.* Upon asking the meaning of a neighbor, he was informed that it meant *London is lit with gas.*

☞ It is very well to blush when you are detected in a mean act; but you had a great deal better blush when you first think of committing it.

TAKING HER PICTURE.

A writer in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal gives some of his experiences as an assistant in a Photographic saloon, as follows:—

Scarcely had we set our studio in order before the doorman, rapidly ascending the stairs, breathlessly announced a customer. "She won't go no more than a shilling," he gasped. A very corpulent lady, indeed. Her face, excessively flushed, was surrounded by a bonnet-cap, which, though wonderfully large, was only in proportion to the size of the bonnet it was intended to adorn. Gloves of the commonest kind concealed her puffy hands, while a shawl of intricate pattern and variegated color almost entirely covered her respectable but portly form. The "glass-house!" was a temporary erection at the top of the roof. Access was gained by a feeble ladder, originally, for the sake of cheapness, constructed of green wood. The hot sun had twisted its component parts in the most singular but effective manner; it was afflicted with the rickets, and evidently failing fast. By a series of violent efforts on her own part, vigorously encouraged and carefully guided by the professor and myself, the corpulent lady eventually reached that frail, transparent structure, perched, as I before said, on the very apex of the roof.

"Screw her up," said the operator, to me, carelessly, as he disappeared into the dark room, "screw her up!"

"Goodness gracious!" ejaculated the unfortunate victim; "what *does* the gentleman mean?"

"He merely requests me to pose you, madam," I replied.

"*Pose!* I never was more astonished. Let me go down stairs, young man."

"I should say to place you in a proper position," I interrupted, soothingly. "That's it, ma'am. Gloves *off*, if you please; your hands so; your eyes fixed on that small piece of white paper; lean against this, if you please (placing her head in the 'rest'). *I will* mind your bonnet. There; that's it—admirable!" I added, really somewhat pleased at the effect I had contributed to create.

"Now, ma'am," remarked my instructor, as he issued from his den, to the tortured innocent in the chair—"now, ma'am, look pleasant."

She endeavored to obey. A strange and awful expression passed over her countenance—the ends of her mouth she somehow hitched up to her ears; her eyes emerged from their sockets, while the loose skin of her forehead arranged itself in folds, like reefs in a ship's sail.

"Do not move," enjoined the artist, "till I replace the cap. Cap off. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Cap on again."

The victim accepted the relief with a deep sigh of resignation.

I accompanied the artist into his dark room, to witness the process of developing the picture. It "came out" at last. It certainly resembled the original as she appeared when she was taken; but I need hardly add that the expression of her face, at that moment of agony, was wholly unlike the one her countenance habitually wore.

"You'll never give her that!" I whispered.

"Won't I!" responded my instructor.—"You shall see!"

Advancing from his dark room, he had the exquisite assurance thus to address his visitor:

"I congratulate you, madam, on the very best result we have obtained to-day." (No more than the literal truth; she was the first visitor we had had.) "The half-tones are superb. Beautiful!" he continued, in raptured accents, "beautiful! Are they not, Mr. Jenks?" appealing to me.

"They are certainly most charming," I was villain enough to assert.

"Well, um, ah!" returned the original of the great work; "well, I don't think it is so *very* like."

"Oh, it *must* be a likeness," roundly and positively declared the artist. "It can't help being a portrait. Look at the shawl."

"Well, yes, it is like the shawl. The shawl is *capital*."

"Then, of course, ma'am, it must be like you."

Not being sufficient mistress of logic to discuss the point, the unhappy lady surrendered at discretion.

"What price did you? eh—"

"Only a shilling," interrupted the victim; "young man below said it was to be only a shilling."

"Oh," responded the photographer, with a magnificent bow, "you will not be imposed on *here*. May I trouble you to walk down stairs while I reduce the picture to the shilling size?"

"Reduce it!"

"This size is *two* shillings; but I do not care for trouble; I will cut it. Your face will be preserved, ma'am, but your shawl will not be seen."

That remark decided the question; the portrait should remain as it was.

We moved down to the reception-room.

"Would you like to have it colored?" was the next inquiry.

"Colored! Oh, dear, no! *That* she wouldn't!"

"Sixpence, merely," remarked the artist, looking out a "mat" and "preserver."

"Only sixpence?"

"And the improvement," she was informed, was "*immense!*"

"If it was only sixpence."

A hint was enough. A dab of powdered color vigorously thrust on either cheek, then a portion pulled away. The operation was complete before I thought it had been fairly begun.

The portrait, secured in the aforesaid "mat" and "preserver," was then carefully fitted into a case of morocco leather, neatly lined with silk velvet of a crimson hue.

"Without case, two-and-six; with, *five*-and-six. A superior article, you will observe, ma'am, with the hinges gilt."

The old lady hesitated.

"A portrait," remarked the photographer, "is not an everyday expense. Accident, madam, has been your friend, and you possess a perfect specimen of my art. This gift of fortune, without a case, may fade—may be broken; with a case, it positively lasts forever—absolutely!"

Flattered, cajoled, convinced, our visitor paid the five and six, and was politely shown downstairs.

☞ Anything Midas touched was turned into gold. In these days, touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

☞ Of what use is it that a woman can prate about Bacon, if she cannot cook a slice of it?

☞ THE WIFE'S HELPING HAND.—At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his own utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance as when he wants a button to be sewn on his shirt collar.

☞ A storekeeper purchased of an Irish woman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance and found wanting. "Shure it's your own fault if they are light," said Biddy, in reply to the complaints of the buyer, "it's your own fault, sir, for wasn't it with a pound of your own soap I bought here myself that I weighed them with." The storekeeper had nothing more to say on that subject.

☞ In one of the prettiest and most enlightened towns of the Prairie State, the children were assembled one Sabbath afternoon, as was their monthly wont, for a Union Sunday-School Concert. A newly arrived clergyman being present, was courteously invited to address them. He explained the parable of the Prodigal Son. Seizing fancy's pencil, he gave his hearers a graphic picture of the old gentleman's circumstances immediately previous to the arrival, in this manner: "Paint to yourselves, my brethren, a pleasant cottage, before which is spread a grassy lawn. The sun has not yet sunk to rest beneath the western horizon. There, in his easy-chair, before the door, sits the aged father *reading the papers!*" Your informant momentarily expected the additional announcement that he had just received a telegraphic dispatch that his son would be in by the next train.

☞ SOVEREIGN REMEDIES.—For the gout, toast and water; hooping-cough, ipecacuanha; bile, exercise; corns, easy shoes: blue devils, employment; rheumatism, new flannel and patience; tooth-ache, pluck it out: debts, retrenchment; love, matrimony.

☞ Some kind friend of Mr. Beard, the editor of the Nashua Telegraph, has given him a riding-whip. He intimates that nothing but a saddle, bridle and horse, and the free use of a barn and fodder, is wanting to make his turnout and his happiness complete.

☞ "Johnny, that star is much larger than this earth!"

"No, 'tain't."

"Yes, it is."

"Well, if it is, why don't it keep the rain off this earth?"

☞ Easy tillage and scanty harvests characterize that kind of fancy farming known as "raising expectations."

☞ A pleasant passage in the Revolutionary records of Tarrytown, is the story of the successful surprise by the Americans of a large corps of British refugees, gathered at the table of Elizabeth Van Tassell. The enemy were amusing their evening hours with cards, when *Major Hunt and his volunteers rushed* into the apartment, the Major exclaiming, as he brandished a huge club, with which he was armed, over the table, "Gentlemen, clubs are trumps!"

☞ A TAVERN SIGN.—"My dear," said an affectionate husband, "you are good at contriving things: I wish you would contrive some suitable design to paint on the sign of our new tavern." "I'll do no such thing; I don't like you're going to tavern-keeping.—It's a dirty busines, and the temperance men are making such a fuss about it that it will soon come to nothing." "There's no use talking, for my mind is made up. I've got a license and paid for it, and must use it. I want something neat and appropriate to paint on the sign." "Well, I'll tell you what.—Make a big horn, and paint yourself crawling out of the *little end* of it."

☞ One drop of foul will pollute a whole cup of fair water; but one drop of fair water has no power to appreciably improve a cup of foul. Sharp pain, present in a tooth or a toe, will make the whole man miserable, though all the rest of his body be easy; but if all the rest of the body be suffering, an easy toe or tooth will cause no perceptible alleviation.

☞ Handsome features alone are incapable of expressing real beauty, as speech alone is incapable of expressing wit.

☞ AN IRISHMAN'S WAY OF TRYING THE GAS.—A man by the name of James O'Brien, living in Menta, undertook to clean out his well on Monday last, and found that it would be necessary for him to enter the well. He had read enough of gasses to know that if a candle was extinguished when let into the well, it would not be exactly safe for him to go down. He therefore procured a candle, put a rope round the shoulders of his boy, a lad twelve or fourteen years of age, gave him a lighted candle, and let him down. He hardly disappeared below the surface, when O'Brien felt "something drop," and pulling violently at the rope, brought his boy up, the candle and the boy both extinguished. By the free use of fresh water and considerable rubbing, the boy was relighted. O'Brien concluded that it was not very safe for *him* to go down. —*Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser, May 19.*

NEW DISEASE IN HORSES.—A correspondent of the Iowa Farmer states that a new disease has appeared among the horses in his vicinity, which was brought in by a diseased animal, traded for by the Postmaster. It is thus described:

"The first appearance of the disease is upon the neck; a small swelling from the ear down the throat-latch to the point of the jaw, but it does not seem to be sore or troublesome. The horse's appetite becomes unusually sharp, and although he eats more than when in health, loses flesh fast, and becomes weak, stupid, and dies. Some die in a few days, while some linger a month or two after the disease is discovered."

The disease is contagious, and about forty horses have already died from its effects.

AT VERVIERS, in Belgium, the other day, a lady was seen, about 3 o'clock, in full dress, on the top of a very high house. She was delirious with fever. After endeavoring to prevail on her to come down, two slaters went after her; as soon as she saw them, she leaped from the house into the court. Fortunately, her immense crinoline, spreading out like a parachute, broke her fall, and she received only some slight injuries.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY OLIVE E. PAINE.

The pearly dawn glides o'er the shadowy hills,
And gently woos us with her shining palms
To seek the dell, where overrunning rills
Sing as they flow of summer's rosy alms.
How proudly stealeth on the royal morn!
The trembling sunbeams flash where dew-gems lie;
How soft the breeze—how sweet from yonder thorn,
The song-bird's morning call swells to the sky!

But stop! the breakfast table must be laid,
The toast and sauce prepared—(how swift is time)—
There's ham and eggs to cook, and coffee made,
My father thinks far more of these than rhyme.
And now the meal is o'er, and dishes cleansed,
There's milk to skim, and butter wanting care,
The beds to make, the carpets to be swept,
The vases need fresh flowers, the rooms fresh air.

All things in order—leisure now is mine;
Awake my lyre some strain of lofty song,
Some thought of burning eloquence divine,
Amid the beauty dreams that round thee throng.
Fair earth and sky, and soft blue shining day,
And waters in the sunlight flashing free,
Oh, life! oh, joy! oh, love divine—thy ray
All glorious shines o'er land and swelling sea.

How beautiful this—hark! my mother's call—
"There's dinner for ten men, to serve, you know,—
Half past eleven"—and airy visions fall,
While into cookery's realm once more I go.
The tanned haymakers from their rural toils,
Unto the board their smiles and jestings bring
And think, no doubt, the puddings, pies, and broils,
Worth more than all the lays which poets sing.

Silver to polish—water for the flowers
That droop beneath the scorching noonday sun;
—A sunny dream, dispelled mid gliding hours;—
A voice,—"'tis five—put the tea-kettle on."
Once more I go, the snowy cloth to spread,
To sound the horn, bring in the smoking tea,
To serve the sauce, to break the new-made bread,
Favors dispense where'er they needed be.

On all the hills the sunset glories shine,
The winding river lies in golden light;
Trees, gardens, and this sunny home of mine,
With green encircling meadows—*all* seem bright.
Life, thou art beautiful. Fair, peaceful dreams
Float o'er the brightness of our broad green vale,
From vine-wreathed casements, gaze I, while I deem
Youth's blooms of love and hope will never pale.

Soft steals the twilight on. Bird music dies.
The purple shadows whisper of sweet rest.
While trembling stars, like holy angels' eyes,
Wear smiles born 'mid the glories of the blest.
I dream of lightsome hours, of parted friends,
Of soft, proud eyes,—dear me!—there's milk to strain,
And pails to wash, ere this day's duties end;
Old dish-cloth' to you now, a glad good-night again.

Out in the summer eve. The moon shines clear,
And starry dreams my spirit's chambers throng;
Till brother's ringing voice shouts in my ear—
"Come play for me to-night my favorite song.
I've lost a button from my sleeve to day.
And won't you mend my hat, too?—for the rim
Is almost off—when riding on the bay
It caught on that old beech-tree's ugly limb.

The lamps are lit—the evening music o'er—
The rent and low repaired—the clock strikes nine.
Repose is sought. Was that a far off snore?
I'm pondering what one said—"to write, wastes time."
—Another that "the dreams of poesy
Unfit us for life's duty, and its care."
But still, I know, 'mid such heart melody,
For better can I all its burdens bear.

"Why write? your pen but rudely shapes a rhyme;
The laurel wreath will never crown your brow."
'Tis not, proud fame! to hear thy thrilling chime,
My untaught lyre would waken music now.
Go ask the birds of summer why they sing,
Why blush the flowers beneath the kiss of May,
And why, when sounds the minstrelsy of spring,
The leaping brooks repeat the tender lay.

Oh, song! thou brightener of life's darkened hour,
Gliding in mellow verse the deep heart o'er;
Or blent with music's wild and thrilling power,
Potent thy spell—on hill, and vale, and shore.
Grief's balm, toil's sweetener, solitude's solace!
Be mine the unshrinking soul to meet the Real,
Gathering as earth's dim pilgrimage I trace,
Strength from the glorious realm of the Ideal.

THE QUAKER PARTISANS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXV.

It was the third day after the death of Clayton, Captain Gardner had obtained permission to have him brought to the city, and laid beside his father, as he had requested. Permission was also given to his troop and that of M'Lane to attend the funeral, and they were all there; the wild, bronzed Rangers standing around the grave in solemn silence, with heads uncovered, as the body of their commander was lowered to its last resting-place by Frank and Harry with their lariats.

It was a privilege they had asked of Wetherill, that their hands should be the last employed about the person of their Captain.

They did not withdraw the lariats, but, gathering together the leaden balls with which the ends were armed, Harry drew the flag from his bosom, and wrapping them in it, dropped it upon the breast of Clayton.

The two men then stepped aside, and Bettie led Mary forward to the trying ordeal, which custom still preserves, of taking her last look into the grave.

She shed no tears. She could not. Her face wore the same look of dumb, tearless agony it had shown when she knelt by him as he was dying. But it was wan and haggard; there were lines upon it that told of years of suffering crowded into those brief three days, and she shook as with deadly cold.

Her mother then came forward, leaning upon her son's arm, followed by Sarah Wheeler and her brother, and then by the numerous friends who had attended.

When all had given their last look, and turned away, with tears flowing plentifully, and taken their departure from the ground, Captain Gardner, who had stood beside Barton, stepped forward, and taking a handful of earth, leaned over the grave and dropped it in. His example was followed by the other officers present, and by the troopers, one by one, as they filed past the grave, and so marched slowly away.

"Your cause has lost one of its best and bravest men, and earth one of her great souls, in him who lies yonder," said Captain Gardner, to Barton, as they parted near the gate.

"It may be," said Barton; "I know that *I* have lost the best and noblest friend I ever had."

So saying, he bent down his head and walked silently after the troop.

I have not much more to tell. The history of the Rangers, in their distinctive character, as an independent corps, ceases here. They did not disband, nor did a man withdraw from the work to which they had devoted themselves. But with Clayton, the vital power of the troop, in its peculiar organization, had departed. Barton, unquestionably the nearest like him in character of mind, was still far inferior to him in the prompt readiness to meet all emergencies, the unfailing self-command, the fertility of resources and the iron fixedness of purpose, which were Clayton's distinguishing characteristics. Fully conscious of this, he would not assume the responsibility of taking his place. After some consultations with the other officers, therefore, at Bettle's suggestion, which was seconded by the rest, and acquiesced in cheerfully by the men, when they found that neither Barton nor either of the other Lieutenants would assume the command, the troop was placed under the command of Captain M'Lane, (with the exception of Long Johnny Mac Allan's boys, who, becoming a little tired of cavalry service, which was not their forte, attached themselves to Morgan's riflemen,) and remained so, acting entirely under his orders as part of his corps, so long as they remained before the city. Their sojourn there terminated with the Meschianza, that stupendous piece of gorgeous folly with which the British officers disgraced the last month of their residence in Philadelphia. I have neither time, space nor inclination to describe it. It was got up mainly by Major Andre, whose principal forte seems to have lain in the direction and management of private theatricals, and whose achievements, so far as history has recorded them, appear to have consisted chiefly in writing doggerel verses in ridicule of better men than himself, scene painting for the aforesaid private theatricals, sketching designs for ladies' head dresses, getting up balls and dancing gracefully at the same, and occupying his time in an industrious display of these and similar small accomplishments.

I am afraid, if Arnold's cunning in making a cat's-paw of him, had not brought upon him the fate which should have been his own, that Major Andre would have occupied a very different and much smaller niche in the world's history than he does; and there would have been one monument less in England's Walhalla, Westminster Abbey. Where stands the tomb of Nathan Hale, among our national monuments?

While this gigantic farce of a Meschianza was in what somebody calls "the full tide of successful experiment," Captain M'Lane, with his whole force, armed with camp kettles full of combustibles, somewhat after the fashion of Gideon of old, with his pitchers, and lamps therein, approached the line of abattis which extended along the Delaware south of the city, touched off their combustibles, fired the whole abattis, and then skurried off by the light to the hills of the Wissahickon, and thence leisurely to Valley Forge; leaving the Neck all alive with guards, turning out at the roll of the drums, officers hurrying to their posts, and alarm-guns banging away across the peninsula from river to river, and raising such a clatter around the Wharton House, that it required the most strenuous exertions of the officers at the fete, backed by an infinite number of fibs to persuade the ladies present that there was really nothing at all the matter, and that all this hideous noise was only a part of the performance.

This was the last prank that was played upon the British during their occupation of Philadelphia, M'Lane, as I said before, having immediately proceeded to Valley Forge, where he remained until the army marched to the City, on the eighteenth of June, entering it close on the heels of the retiring enemy; so close, indeed, that one of their officers, "The Honorable Cosmo Gordon," being perhaps addicted to late hours, slept so late in the morning, that the family on whom he was quartered thought it but kind to rouse him, and tell him that "his friends, the rebels," were in town.

"The Honorable Cosmo" dressed himself with marvelous speed, and after a great deal of trouble succeeded in hiring a boat in which he was put across the river, just as "his friends, the rebels" marched into the City.

Philadelphia was once more in the hands of its rightful owners, and nothing remains now, but to gather up the few scattered threads of my story, knot them together, and leave them and it in your hands.

As soon as the American army was comfortably settled in the City, Bettie obtained leave of absence for a short time, which he improved by going straightway to Brandywine. He found the Sanfords quietly settled in the old house, everything prosperous around them, all glad to see him, Jenny very manifestly so.

Bettie had intended to surprise them, but was defeated by Mike, who caught sight of him coming along the road, and at once left his work and burst uproariously into the house, shouting,

"Whirra-r-r-r-oo! but its mesel's got the news for yez. He's comin'; I seen 'im wid me own two eyes a-comin' along the road."

"If thee can come to thy senses without too much trouble, and tell us who it is thee means," said Thomas Sanford, "we'll be obliged to thee."

"Och, now," said Mike, "an' didn't I tell yees who it was? Anyhow, it's always puttin' the horse before the cart I am—no, puttin' the cart behind the horse, it is—blur an' agers! but I mane puttin' the cart in the horse—tunder an' turf! I don't know what it is, only it's Miather Bettle."

"I'm glad thee's found out at last what it is," said John Sanford, dryly, as they all rose from the supper table at which they had been seated, and hurried to the door.

In a few minutes more Bettie was seated in the old-fashioned kitchen, with the family around him, with the exception of John who, had taken Roland to the stable, Mike having "respectfully but firmly" declined to go within ten feet of him.

"I bring good news in general," said Bettie, "but sad news, in one respect, to me, and I think to you, also. We are masters of Philadelphia again, but Clayton is dead."

"Clayton dead!" said Thomas Sanford, "that is sorrowful news indeed; how did he die?"

"In battle; we were decoyed into an ambuscade by a party of foragers, and the troop was almost cut to pieces before we could get clear; Clayton was shot, in the retreat."

"Did he die on the field?" asked Jenny.

"No," said Bettie, "he was able to keep on his horse at first, "and we held them at bay, with the assistance of Captain M'Lane, till he reached a place of safety; he died in a few hours afterwards, however."

Bettie then gave a short history of all that had taken place since the troop left the Brandywine, occupying the rest of the evening in his narrative.

He remained in his present quarters about ten days, in the course of which he visted old 'Riah Woodward, and delivered some messages from his three sons, concerning, among other things, the desirableness of some remittances of clothing, their joint stock consisting of two ragged coats, one horse-blanket, doing duty as a coat, one pair of breeches in tolerable condition, two ditto dilapidated, one shirt and a half, and three stockings.

He also took an opportunity of whispering to Mary Woodward a message from Harry, at which she tossed her head saucily, and said—not exactly as if she meant it—that he was an impudent fellow, and, what business had he to be sending messages to her, indeed?

Somehow or other, nevertheless, when Bettie returned, he was charged with a message to Harry. I don't know what it was; something about his impudence, probably. Be that as it may, at the close of the following autumn there was a wedding at the old miller's house, in which the principal performers were Harry Darlington and Mary Woodward.

Bettie also visited Mac Allan, whom he found, with his family, domiciled in a comfortable log house, very much like the old one which had been burnt, and, for the rest of the day, kept the old man and his family in a state of delight with his accounts of the doings of the troop, and particularly with the high praise he bestowed upon the boys for their skill and daring. When he described the taking of the battery at Germantown, and told him how much of their success was owing to the cool and effective way in which the boys had cleared the ground for the charge upon the guns, the old man's feelings fairly overcame his discretion, and springing to his feet he waved his huge arm over his head, and gave them vent in a prodigious hurrah!

Relieved by this, he sat down again and listened quietly to the rest of the narrative, only remarking, when told that the boys had joined Morgan—

"Ay, ay! that's the place for 'em; they're used to that kind o' service. I was a little dubersome about how they'd git along in the stirrups, though they've done better than I thought they would."

Bettie also told of the death of Clayton, but did not dwell much upon it, for it was a subject on which he could not trust himself to speak much as yet.

The ten days of furlough passed all too rapidly; but before they had passed by, Bettie had broached the subject nearest his heart to Thomas and Martha Sanford.

"We have expected it," said Thomas; "and thee is the one we would have chosen of all others to entrust our daughter with; she is a good girl, and has always been a dutiful child to us; I think she will make a good and dutiful wife to any one she is attached to, as I think she is to thee; but there is no hurry"—why do fathers *always* say "there's no hurry?" They didn't think so when *they* wanted to be married—"she's very young yet, and while thee will have to be away from her so much during this war, at any rate, wouldn't it be better for her to stay at home with us?"

"Perhaps reason would say yes," answered Bettie, "but I don't feel reasonable on this subject; did thee under the same circumstances?"

"I don't suppose I did," said Thomas; "nevertheless Martha and I waited for each other for four long years, and didn't get tired of waiting, either; did we, Martha?"

"No," said Martha, "we did not; though," she added, with a quiet smile, "one or two of thy friends tried to persuade me that *I* ought to be tired of it; no, William, it will do no harm to either of you to wait; Jenny is too young to marry yet: thee must let us keep her for a year or two longer, 'till we see what are the prospects of peace. When the war is over we will give her to thee. I think we can trust thy affection, I *know* we can trust Jenny's, not to wear out by a little delay."

A momentary feeling that this talk was a little cold-blooded flashed across Bettie, but he dismissed it at once, for he could not help feeling its prudence and sound judgment. He saw the force of what was said about his unavoidable absence from her during the war, and hoping, as did every one else that it would soon be at an end, he acquiesced, as cheerfully as he could, in the decision. Had he suspected that nearly six long years more lay between him and his crowning happiness, I doubt if he would have been half so strongly impressed with the force of the arguments that were used.

The furlough had expired, and Bettie returned to his duty. The war went on with varying success, from Monmouth, where humble Molly Pitcher earned for herself a place, in the annals of female heroism, beside the Maid of Saragossa, to Yorktown, where the long, sore struggle between might and right ended as, sooner or later, in God's good Providence, it always has ended, and always will, 'till the flame of His final Judgment shall have swept away all evil from the earth.

The Rangers followed the war to its close, fighting well and faithfully, wherever their duty led them.

In the spring of 1784, following the treaty of peace, Bettie and Jenny were married and took up their abode in Philadelphia, where, in as short a time as could reasonably have been expected, Mike, who, on Bettie's marriage, had installed himself as his coachman, wages or no wages, might have been seen carefully leading a horse to water—not Roland; he had been killed, poor fellow, in one of the frequent skirmishes his master had been engaged in—on which was mounted, bare backed, a sturdy boy of some three years old, with his heels kicking gleefully against the horse's sides, while his fat, chubby hands were half buried in the mane to which he clung.

Frank and Harry returned together to the Brandywine. The former went to his old post at Thomas Sanford's, where he remained about a year, and then departed for what was then known as the "back woods," not far from the scene of his first experience in battle, taking with him Jemima MacAllan, and settled down as one of the band of hardy pioneers to whom our country owes so much of its early greatness.

Harry went back to the mill of 'Riah Woodward, of which he took charge, the old man saying he had worked long enough, and now meant to play. He had settled his sons around him, on farms of their own, and occupied his time, when not *playing* in the mill, with circulating around among them, giving them all, in turn, the benefit of his experience in their farming operations, and always turning to, from old habit, whenever any work was to be done, and doing his share as industriously as anybody—all in the way of rest and play, he said.

The MacAllan boys scattered through Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, and became mighty hunters of deer and "varmint," such as bears, panthers, wild cats, &c.

Bettie and his wife made an annual visit to the old homestead, with their children, and never failed to climb to the summit of old Deborah's Rock. Year after year they told their children—they never tired of hearing it—the story of the siege there, and how they had driven the Tories down the bank; and how he, by whose grave they stood, had lost his life to save the mother to whose low, sweet voice they listened.

Mary Wetherill never married. She might have done so, but her first love had been given to Clayton, and a nature like hers had no second love to bestow.

"It cannot be," she said to Captain Gardner, whose sympathy for her had ripened into strong affection, "*my heart is dead to all earthly love.*"

So the Palm stood on, alone in its desolation.

Sarah Wheeler never married. She had opportunities enough, but she said that now the country had obtained *its* independence, she didn't see why she should throw away *hers*.

They are all gone, now, the actors in my story. But the old Rock still heaves up its craggy breast beside the quiet stream; the trees still wave their leafy crowns around it; the old house still looks towards it, across the broad, low meadows, through which the little steam trickles from under the rude bridge, the scene of Bettie's early reverie; and the Brandywine hills still roll off to the horizon in the same matchless beauty, sleeping in the sunlight, with the shadows of the summer clouds flitting over them.

THE END.

TRAPPING A TIGER.

An ingenious mode of tiger-killing is that which is employed by the natives of Oude. They gather a number of the broad leaves of the *prauns* tree, which much resembles the sycamore, and having well besmeared them with a kind of birdlime, they strew them in the animal's way, taking care to lay them with the prepared side uppermost. Let a tiger but put his paw on one of these innocent-looking leaves, and his fate is settled. Finding the leaf stick to his paw, he shakes it, in order to rid himself of the nuisance, and finding that plan unsuccessful, he endeavors to attain his object by rubbing it against his face, thereby smearing the ropy birdlime over his nose and eyes, and gluing the eyelids together. By this time, he has probably trodden upon several more of the treacherous leaves, and he is bewildered with the novel inconvenience; then he rolls on the ground, and rubs his head and face on the earth, in his efforts to get free. By so doing, he only adds fresh birdlime to his head, body, and limbs, agglutinates his sleek fur together in unsightly tufts, and finishes by hoodwinking himself so thoroughly with leaves and birdlime, that he lies floundering on the ground, tearing up the earth with his claws, uttering howls of rage and dismay, and exhausted by the impotent struggles in which he has been so long engaged. These cries are a signal to the authors of his misery, who run to the spot, armed with guns, bows, and spears, and find no difficulty in dispatching their blind and wearied foe.—*Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.*

☞ An "honorary member" of the First Surrey Rifles, famous for cracking a joke, asked a jocose friend, who was going to join the corps at a drill, if he could tell him what the uses were to which the "honorary members" where to be put? "Oh," said the son of Mars, "you honoraries are just for targets, that we reals may practice at." "I'm glad of that," said the wit, with a laugh, "I shall be less in danger there than in the ranks." The rifleman changed the conversation.

STANZAS.

Oh! sing that melody again,
Twas breathed so soft and clear,
It seemed like some angelic strain
To my enraptured ear.
'Tis said that music never dies;
But onward rolls along,
Till, sweetly rising to the skies,
It joins the heavenly song.

If this be true, the gentle tone
That stirred the evening air,
Will soon on zephyr's wings have flown,
To swell the anthem there.
I think I still thy voice can hear:
I know I feel its power:
I'll ne'er forget, though far or near,
The pleasure of this hour.

HINTS TO OUR FAIR READERS.

As we have before observed, good temper, good sense, and good principles, are the great essentials of happiness in the married state; yet deficiency in some minor qualities may cause a good deal of domestic discomfort.

Lucy D. had secured the heart of Ernest Arnold, a very promising young man; and well she deserved his affection, for she was all kindness and constancy, and her intellect was of a very high order.

Lucy was living with a brother, who was fondly attached to her, and who greatly approved of her engagement with Arnold; but he wished his sister not to marry until her intended had set up for himself, as the saying is. In the meantime, the suitor was a constant visitor, and the brother, sister, and lover formed a very happy trio.

During the first months of intimacy, Arnold considered his bride-elect quite faultless. Her personal advantages blinded him to some ever-recurring symptoms of untidiness, and of want of attention to appearances. Besides, a cousin, who used to receive great kindnesses from Lucy, did a great deal of her mending for her in return; thus no glaring proof of untidiness had ever been remarked by Arnold.

But it happened that our merry party determined to take advantage of the return of the fine weather, and to make an excursion to the sea-side. Unluckily, Ellen was absent from home, and could not step in to aid Lucy in her preparations. They were, however, quickly made, and the sun shone propitiously on the appointed day. Arrived at their journey's end, Lucy jumped out of the railway carriage, and her brother handed her a band-box containing some light articles of wearing apparel. Ernest, of course, offered to carry the box. He was rather surprised at the condition of it, as it was in a very battered state, and, the bottom being partially out, some of the finery became visible. This attracted the jeers of idle boys, always on the look-out for something to laugh at.

Then they had to secure their luggage from a vast quantity belonging to other people. Arnold begged Lucy to point out her trunk, that he might give it to a porter. What was his surprise to find that this trunk was neither more nor less than a large old egg-box, securely corded. The fact was, Lucy had chosen this box in preference to any of her trunks because it was more roomy, and, as she thought, held her dresses more conveniently. She had lost sight of the importance of appearances, and of the bad effects of attracting the eye of ridicule to herself and her party. Lucy's brother could not help laughing at his sister's luggage. Arnold looked serious. However, the whole party, with the band-box and the egg-box, were soon conveyed in a carriage to very comfortable lodgings that had been previously secured; but some hours elapsed before Arnold recovered his spirits.

The next morning, Lucy came down, all smiles and good-humor, and Arnold was soon as devoted as ever.

The beautiful prospect soon lured them out to take a walk. They had not gone many steps, before a girl ran up to Lucy to tell her that her boot-lace was trailing. Soon after this her collar came unpinned, and was wafted away by the wind. A weary chase ensued; but they caught the collar at last. On returning home, Lucy discovered that her veil was missing, and all the efforts made to recover it were ineffectual. Lucy took all her misfortunes very quietly. She attributed them to the absence of Ellen, who used to help her to dress, and who saw that everything was well fastened; but she resolutely determined not to walk out again in windy weather.

For a time, all went on smoothly enough. The visitors spent part of the day in boating and driving, and Lucy only joined in the walk when the day was remarkably fine and mild.

On such a day as we have described, Lucy was out on the jetty with Arnold, when the latter, greatly to his surprise, saw at a short distance an uncle whom he believed to be still in India. This uncle had by fortunate speculations raised himself above the rest of the family, and he was looked up to accordingly. He had shown a decided preference for Arnold, and had promised to advance his interests.

"He is sure to like my lovely, amiable bride," said Arnold to himself, and he told Lucy of his relationship to the portly, middle-aged man, who had soon found out Arnold, and was joyfully approaching to greet him.

"Delighted to see you, Ernest!" exclaimed he; "no matter what brings you here. And I presume the lady is Miss Lucy, of whom I have heard so much."

Lucy's blushes soon answered in the affirmative, and Mr. Raymond held out his hand to his future niece (as he made sure she would be.) What a revulsion too place in poor Arnold's feelings when he perceived that on the hand which Lucy offered in return, the glove was so full of holes, that in some places her fingers protruded. Otherwise, she was well-dressed. She had plenty of good gloves, but she was not in the habit of keeping her things in order; and in her hurry to go out with Arnold, she had seized on the only pair she could lay her hands on, and she had forgotten the state of her gloves until her hand was actually grasped by her new acquaintance. But then how provoked and grieved she felt, and how clearly she saw Arnold's mortification displayed on his countenance!

Mr. Raymond went home with them, and Lucy's brother begged him to come to dinner, if he could excuse their lodging-house fare.

"Only give me roast mutton and boiled rice for my dinner," said Mr. Raymond, "and you'll find me quite satisfied." So saying, he took his leave, intending to return to a five o'clock dinner.

"Mr. Raymond has just fixed on a dish in which failures are so common," said Arnold. "I have heard my mother say, one never has rice well boiled in lodging-houses."

"Oh, I dare say Mrs. Price will manage it," said Lucy's brother. "I'll go and speak to her."

Lucy and Arnold were alone; neither of them seemed disposed for talking or reading, or anything else. It was difficult to say which was the most gloomy of the two. With characteristic resolution, Lucy soon broke silence, exclaiming—

"I know what you are thinking about, Ernest—my disgraceful untidiness. As to those unfortunate gloves, I am sure you could not have been more provoked at your uncle's seeing them than I was. But I am determined to become tidy and notable like Ellen, and not to allow my pride in my music, and some other talents that I possess, to make me neglect qualities essential to my sex—viz., meekness, good order, and good appearance in all one's things, and expertness in the use of the needle; and I will show your uncle I have some domestic talents, for I will boil the rice myself. Ellen taught me how to boil it thoroughly, and yet have every grain apart."

So great was Lucy's success in her attempt at cooking, that the rice, as boiled by her, was praised even by Mr. Raymond, accustomed to eat it in perfection in India; and hearing Lucy had superintended it, the unfavorable impression made by the ragged gloves was quickly obliterated.

DEVICES OF THE FOX.

A fox, on whose track the hounds had been very often laid, used always to baffle them at one point, the crest of a steep hill. Up to this spot the scent was perfectly good; but at that particular spot the scent vanished, and so the fox was lost. One of the disappointed hunters was so indignant at his repeated failures, that he determined to lay aside the chase for a day, and to devote himself to the discovery of the means by which the creature could so invariably escape from the hounds and men.

He therefore concealed himself near the charmed spot, and watched with interest the proceedings of the hunted animal. The fox, after being driven from his cover, led the hounds a long chase through woods, ponds, and thickets, and at last came at full speed toward the crest of the hill. As soon as he had reached the spot he laid himself down, and pressed himself as closely as possible to the ground. Presently the hounds came along in full cry, and, with a blazing scent, darting over the hill in hot pursuit, and never stopping till they reached the bottom of the hill.—As soon as the last hound had passed, the fox resumed his legs, crept quietly over the brow of the hill, and returned to his cover at leisure.

Another of these creatures made use of a very cunning device for the same purpose.—In this instance he always led his pursuers to the edge of a cliff that rose perpendicularly for seven hundred feet, and then disappeared. The hunters had often examined the spot unsuccessfully; for it seemed that no wingless animal could venture to take such a fearful leap.

The secret was, however, at last discovered by a concealed spy. The crafty fox was seen coming quite at his leisure to the edge of the cliff, and then to look down. Some ten feet below the edge there was a kind of break in the strata of stone, forming a kind of step about a foot in width. By means of his claws the fox let himself down upon this step, and then disappeared in a hollow, which was invisible from above. A man was lowered by ropes to the spot, and found that there was a wide fissure in the rock, to which the stone step formed an entrance. On searching the cavern it was found to have another and an easy outlet upon the level ground above. The fox, however, never used this entrance when the hounds were on his trail, but cut off the scent by scrambling over the cliff, and then emerged at the other outlet.

A GOOD WIFE.—She commendeth her husband in any equal matter, by constantly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the springtide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she maketh plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it. Her husband's secrets she will not divulge, especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities. In her husband's absence she is wife and deputy husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return, he finds all things so well, that he wonders to see himself at home when he was abroad. Her children, though many in number, are none in noise, steering them with a whisper whither she listeth.—*Lady Rachel Russell.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—When Rory O'More was in the height of its popularity, a young lady who had heard it at a concert, attempted to sing it at home. Now, the air she managed very well, but we all know the style of pronunciation usual in the concert-room, and, as she was obliged to catch the words, as she got the music, by ear, this is what she sang for a long time, until a printed copy of Rory fell into her hands:—

"He *poulticed* the *hock*,
And she *salted it down*."

The words of the song are—

"He bold as the hawk,
And she soft as the dawn."

Considering all the circumstances, the mistake was a very natural one.

☞ We must not undervalue physicians; perhaps the fabric of society would fall without them—they are its *pillers*.

WAITING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I waiting stand, where the apple-blows fall,
Fragrant and white, into my brown curls;
He promised to meet me here this eve,
For he loves me best of all the girls.
Proud Walter Lee, so brave, yet so mild,
Loves me, the fisherman's simple child.

Though the handsomest girls in all our town
Have sighed and smiled to win his love,
Yet he lost his heart, as he strolled one day
By the fisherman's hut in the little cove.
He told me this, as we stood last night,
Just here, in the moon's sweet silver light.

And he kissed me, and joyfully called me his own,
And said I was fairer than proud Maud Clare;
And, that not for the richest regal crown,
Would he give one curl of my gold-brown hair.
And the sea-shells were singing upon the shore,
As my heart is singing forevermore.

And so, when the apple-blows fall again,
From over the joyful waves will come
My Walter Lee, to take as his bride,
The fisherman's child to his princely home.
Hush! he comes,—and my heart beats wild,
For he loves me, the fisherman's simple child.

MARION SHIRLEY.

$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTER," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE DESOLATE HOUSE.

The coroner's inquest was held on the appointed day. Thomas Harding could only depose that the gate touched the horse on his side the chaise: he had not observed the state of the gatekeeper. But the postboy, and the men who had subsequently accompanied him to the gatehouse, testified that Giles was incapably drunk. The verdict returned was, "Manslaughter against Roger Giles; he having been, at the time of its act, in a state of drunkenness."

He was committed to prison to await his trial. The little child, William Danesbury, had recovered the effects of the laudanum, the remedies administered by the surgeon having proved successful.

Eastborough, insignificant in itself, owed what importance it did possess to its being the scene of the Danesbury Works, sometimes called the Danesbury Factory, sometimes the Iron Works. It was a concern of considerable magnitude, giving employment, in its various departments, to a large number of hands. Engineers, iron-founders, manufacturers of agricultural and divers implements, combined with other branches of trade, not essential to mention, necessarily rendered the Danesburys of a high standing in the commercial world.—Not only for the extent of their operations, did they bear a wide renown, but for the lofty excellence of their character, both in business matters and in private life. Just, honorable, and upright, the name of Danesbury was respected all the country round. The business had once been of small account, but the then proprietor of it, John Danesbury, raised it, by his diligence and intelligence, into importance. As his two sons, John and Philip, severally attained the age of twenty-one, they were taken into partnership with him, the firm then being altered to that of "John Danesbury and Sons." The elder of those sons, John, was the one introduced to the reader. He was now the sole proprietor, for his father and brother had both died; the latter, Philip, a young man, leaving a widow. But the appellation of the firm had not been changed: it was still known as that of "John Danesbury and Sons:" possibly Mr. Danesbury looked forward to the period when it should be so in actuality. He had married a Miss St. George, a lady every way worthy of him, and whose present dreadful death was a far more agonizing shock to him than the world suspected. Their two eldest children, Arthur and Isabel, lived and flourished, two succeeding ones had died infants, and the last had just escaped following them, as you have seen, through nurse Glisson's dose of opium.

Thomas Harding was exceedingly attached to Mr. Danesbury; and with cause. He had served his father, he now served him, and enjoyed his full confidence. There were superior clerks, as to position, in the factory, gentlemen overlookers, but they held a secondary place to Thomas Harding in the estimation of Mr. Danesbury. It was the respect due to worth, deserved, and paid to an honest, guileless man. Harding was vexed at being the depository of this secret about Glisson; but he hoped the tragical end of her mistress, caused remotely *through her*, might so tell upon her that there would no longer exist reason to betray her to Mr. Danesbury.

"Glisson took on dreadfully," said Jessy, one day that she was at the Hardings' house, about ten days subsequently to the funeral. "I was so shocked, that night, when they brought the dead body into the house, that I hardly knew what I said, and did not spare her. I told her, if she had kept herself in her right senses, and given the baby the proper medicine, our poor mistress would have been alive and safe."

"What did she say?"

"I cannot tell ha! she said. She was like a mad woman, lying on the floor, crying out for her mistress, moaning, and wishing she had died for her. Master heard her in his room, and came in: but he thought it was all self-reproach for her mistake in having given the wrong medicine; he did not suspect she had anything worse to reproach herself with."

"Was she sober, then?"

"I should just think she was! The poisoning of the child in the afternoon had sobered her, and she had taken nothing subsequently. I do not believe she has yet. I have never noticed it, and she grieves after her mistress night and day."

"Then it has, perhaps, been such a warning to her that she'll abandon the habit altogether," returned Thomas Harding. "Jessy, girl, never suffer a word to escape you of what has been: give her a chance of redeeming herself. It is what Mrs. Danesbury would have done, had she lived: mind you, I know that."

"She's safe for me, replied Jessy. "The children are coming home to-morrow," she continued. "Some lady is bringing them, and we fancy she is going to remain—as governess, or housekeeper, or something of that. Master came to the nursery this morning and told us that a cousin of our late mistress's would accompany the children, and the house was to take its orders from her. Glisson is uncommonly put out about it: she says those half-and-half mistresses are always more difficult to please than real ones.

"Jessy! take care to do your duty, and don't be so fond of repeating things after Mrs. Glisson," rebuked her Aunt Harding.

Danesbury House was a handsome white mansion, surrounded by fine grounds, with a smooth lawn sloping from the front; its elevated site causing it to command extensive and beautiful views of the neighboring country.

On the morning that was to witness the return of the children, a lady approached the house, ascended the stone steps to the pillared portico, and entered a spacious hall, on either side of which were the reception chambers. It was Mrs. Philip Danesbury, the widow of Mr. Danesbury's brother. She enjoyed a handsome income from the business, and resided near; a talkative, pleasant woman, young still, possessed of good sense, and of keen penetration. She was in Yorkshire, her native place, when the recent fatal event happened, and had now been home a day or two. Mr. Danesbury had seen her the previous day, and her present visit was to Glisson and the baby. While she was in the nursery talking, she observed her brother-in-law approaching from the factory, and went down stairs to meet him.

"John," she began, as soon as they were in the sitting room, dashing at once into some news she had just heard, "Glisson says there's a lady coming here to be in Isabel's place."

"Not in Isabel's *place*," interrupted Mr. Danesbury, in a tone of pain. "No one can fill that. Do not say so."

"Well, you know what I meant, John. Unfortunately no one ever can fill it, in any sense of the word. She was worth more than many of us who are left. Poor, poor Isabel!"

Mr. Danesbury sat silent, his countenance betraying a shade more of its deep sorrow. He was not a demonstrative man, and he buried his grief within him.

"But there is somebody coming to rule the household and manage the children," proceeded Mrs. Philip Danesbury. "Who is it?"

"Miss St. George, Mrs. Serle's sister. She has offered to remain here a little while."

"*A 'little while!' That means an indefinite period, I suppose.*"

"No time was mentioned. It was Mrs. Serle who wrote and proposed it. I thought it exceedingly kind and considerate of her, and accepted it gratefully."

"But what ever made you accept it, all in such a hurry?" continued Mrs. Philip, in her hasty way.

"I accepted it for the children's sake. Who is to overlook them? Glisson can take care of William, but Arthur and Isabel should not be left to the entire companionship of servants."

"The better plan would have been—John," she broke off, "I had been turning things over in my mind, before I knew of this Miss St. George scheme. I think Arthur should be placed at school, and I will take charge of Isabel."

"You are very kind, Maria," he sadly answered. "But the house, deprived of the two children, would be more desolate than with them. What objection do you see to Miss St. George staying here—for I think I detect that you have an objection?"

"A minute, John: answer me a question or two before I answer yours. What age is this Miss St. George?"

"I do not know. I have a general idea that she is not young. I once saw her at Mr. Serle's, but retain a very faint recollection of her. I fancy she is older than Mrs. Serle; and that she lives with her because she has no other home."

"There; that's quite enough; you have most fully answered me," impetuously returned Mrs. Philip Danesbury. "Take care of yourself, John."

"Take care of myself! In what way?"

"It will be a terrible temptation to a woman in her position, the getting herself to be the real mistress of this house. She will play her cards with the hope and view to be your second wife, John; mind she does not play them to win."

A contraction of displeasure passed across Mr. Danesbury's ample brow. He could not understand his sister-in-law, and deemed these remarks to be unworthy of her.

"John," she resumed, "I cannot help speaking out all my thoughts, but it is that I am anxious for the children's welfare and your happiness. You cannot understand these things, but I can; and rely upon it, this lady's motive, in proffering a temporary sojourn here, arises from a dim hope that she may improve it into a permanent one. I see also another evil—that it will cause rebellion and warfare with the servants. You look surprised, but I tell you you have had no experience in these things, and do not understand them."

No, Mr. Danesbury did not understand it at all, and he certainly did not believe it. He asked Mrs. Philip to remain to dinner.

"I will," she replied, "and I shall let Miss St. George know, unmistakably, that I am Mrs. Philip Danesbury, the nearest kin you and the children have, and quite competent to direct the affairs of Danesbury House, where direction may be necessary, without her assistance."

Mrs. Philip untied the crape strings of her bonnet as she spoke, and ran up stairs again. She was somewhat given to be dictatorial, but she was a thoroughly sincere, good woman at heart. Glisson opened upon her grievance.

"I hope this new person's not going to take too much upon herself, ma'am, for it's what I shan't be able to put up with. I'd do anything for a Danesbury, and for my dear late mistress, who was a mistress in a thousand, but an interloper is a different sort of thing.—Master said we were to take our orders from her."

"It's beginning," thought Mrs. Philip, but she did not choose to say so—she was fond of keeping servants in their places. "Miss St. George is a relative of poor Mrs. Danesbury, and every respect must be shown her, Glisson," she said, in an authoritative tone.—"Jessy, I hope you hear me also. I dare say you will get on very well with her, for the time she is to remain."

Glisson made no reply. She went out for the baby, who had been laid down for his midday sleep, and brought him in. The sleeves of his embroidered white frock were tied up with black silk ribbon, and he wore a broad black sash.

"Poor little motherless darling!" uttered Mrs. Philip, taking the child, and clasping him to her. "I wish papa would give you to me, my little god-son," she murmured, covering his sweet face, so lovely in its rosy flush, with kisses. The tears came into her eyes as she gazed on him—for the hating no children had been Mrs. Philip Danesbury's great trial in life. "Glisson," she suddenly exclaimed, "how did that dreadful mistake happen?—How came you to be deceived in the medicine?"

"Ma'am," said the nurse, turning round in a sort of frenzy, "I'll go down upon my knees and beg you not to ask me! I have been almost mad ever since, thinking of it! and, if I have to talk of it, it will drive me quite so. I wish I had been dead before it had happened!"

She sat down in the rocking-chair, threw her apron over her head, and burst into a storm of wails and sobs. Mrs. Philip walked about with the child, and considerately abstained from further allusion to it. In the midst of this, the travellers were seen approaching. It was a clear, frosty day, and they were walking up from the Ram, where the stage-coach stopped. The two children, in their sombre black attire, were accompanied by two ladies, one of whom was in deep mourning, the other in slighter.

"Why, there's two of them!" unceremoniously uttered Glisson, who had made her way to the window.

"Miss St. George has put on deep black to be like the family, as she is to stay here," decided Mrs. Philip; "and the other must be Mrs. Serle."

She eyed Miss St. George critically as she spoke. Glisson did the same. A thin, shortish, vinegar-looking lady, with cold, light eyes, a sharp nose, and flaxen hair: Miss St. George was one of those whom black attire does not improve.

"It's a disagreeable face, if ever I saw one," cried Glisson; "as cross as two sticks. If she knew anybody was looking at her, she'd smooth it, I expect."

"Five-and-thirty, if she's a day, and a soured woman!" was Mrs. Philip Danesbury's mental comment. "Won't she be having a try at John?"

The visitors were shown to the drawing-room, a spacious apartment opening to the lawn. It was fitted up with rich silk damask furniture, mirrors, ornaments, and some exquisite paintings. Mrs. Philip Danesbury entered, and welcomed the two ladies gracefully, as though she were the mistress of the house.

"To whom have we the honor of speaking?" demanded Mrs. Serle.

"Madam, to the sister-in-law of Mrs. Danesbury, the aunt of these dear children. I am Mrs. Philip Danesbury. This, I presume, is Miss St. George, who has kindly proffered us a visit."

"I proffered it for her," smiled Mrs. Serle, who appeared all complaisance. "The isolated condition of these poor children, left entirely to servants, struck me as being so pitiable, that I suggested to Eliza to come home with them for a short period, should it be agreeable to Mr. Danesbury. I did not know of their possessing so efficient a relative near to them. From the remarks of the children, I fancied Mrs. Philip Danesbury's residence was in Yorkshire."

"I have been there for a long visit. We appreciate your kindness, and shall be happy to render Miss St. George's visit agreeable to her," was the somewhat frigid answer of Mrs. Philip.

Mr. Danesbury came in. Unusually noble he looked in his deep mourning attire, and with the saddened expression on his fine features. Ere he had well kissed his two children, he was obliged to hurry from the room: their sight brought his loss, and theirs, too painfully to his memory.

"Harriet!" exclaimed Miss St. George, the moment she was alone with her sister in the chamber to which they had been shown, "I shall go back with you; I shan't stop here. The idea of being domineered over by that sharp woman! She is mistress, and I should be no better than a temporary visitor; an interloper. I did not come down, and go in mourning for that."

"You will do no such thing, Eliza. You are come, and you must remain. She is not mistress, she does not live here."

"But she comes armed with full power to do as she pleases in the house; there's no doubt of it. She'll be here forever."

"Nonsense. Stop, and feel your way. You will supersede her if you try. And if you don't, you are only where you were before."

"I hate children," cried Miss St. George. "And to assume to 'love' these will be more difficult than I thought, with her shrewd eyes upon me."

She sighed as she turned to the glass, and began to arrange the bands of her very light hair. She had no parents, no money, and had been obliged to her sister for a home. She was not always comfortable in it; her temper was bad, Mrs. Serle would not put up with it, and at such times would make her feel that she was an intruder. To get away from it, and take the sway in such a house as Mr. Danesbury's, had been a glowing prospect, and the damper cast on it by the sight and words of Mrs. Philip was a mortifying disappointment. Whether she, or Mrs. Serle for her, had cast a glance to the possibility that time and luck might transform her into Mrs. Danesbury, cannot be told.

"What an exceedingly fine man that Mr. Danesbury is!" exclaimed Mrs. Serle; "I should call him one of nature's true nobility. The child, Arthur, will be like him."

"And what a handsome house," returned Miss St. George. "Everything so well appointed and comfortable."

"Ay, plenty of wealth here, Eliza. If you can succeed in establishing a firm footing, you will be fortunate."

Mrs. Philip Danesbury, meanwhile, was looking about for Arthur, who had disappeared. She found him in the little room where Mrs. Danesbury used to assemble her children for the ten minutes after breakfast in the morning, to read to them their Bible stories and to talk of heaven. It was a duty she never omitted, and the children had learnt to love it. Arthur was stretched across the low sofa where his mamma used to sit, crying as if his heart would break. Mrs. Philip Danesbury closed the door, sat down, and drew him to her.

"My darling, don't sob so: be comforted."

"Aunt Philip, I shall never see her again! I never thought it could be quite true till I came home now. Oh, mamma! mamma!"

"My child, be comforted, she is better off; she is gone to heaven."

"But never to come back! never to come back!" he wailed. "Oh, mamma, if you would but come to me for one minute, only one!"

"Arthur, she cannot return to you; you know it, my darling; but you will go to her."

"But it is such a long while!"

"It will come, my child. She is one of God's angels now, and she will watch over you here, and wait for you."

The sobs nearly choked him.

"Arthur, do you know why I am sure your mamma is happy, and has gone to the rest promised to the people of God?"

"Because she was good," he sobbed.

"No, my darling: she was good; better than most people are: but she is gone because she loved Christ, and put her whole trust in Him. She had always taken God for her guide. She taught you to do so, Arthur."

"Yes," answered the child; and he gradually grew calmer.

"Aunt Philip," he presently said, a catching sob seizing his breath occasionally, "how could that Giles let the gate fall against the horses?"

"Because he was a wicked man," promptly answered Mrs. Philip, whose indignation was sure to break loose when she thought of the accident, and its lamentable consequences. "He had got horribly tipsy, my dear, and could not hold it back."

"Would it have happened if he had not been tipsy?"

"No, of course not: but for Giles's drinking that night, your mamma would have been alive and well now; and, perhaps, sitting here with us."

That set Arthur on again.

"Why did he drink?" he sobbed. "Why does anybody drink?"

"Because they are beasts," said Mrs. Philip. "And they *are* nothing else," she added, as if in apology for her word, "when they drink themselves into that state."

"I never will," said Arthur.

"*You*, my dearest! Oh, no, never. Your dear mamma would be grieved in heaven, if she were to look down and see you, even once, so far forget yourself."

The child gazed upwards at the blue sky, almost as if he were looking for his mother's face there. Soon, he gave his head that very decided shake, which in him, child as he was, expressed firm, inward resolve.

"No, Aunt Philip, I will *never*, drink. How long is she going to stay?" he added.

"Who, my dear?"

"Miss St. George."

"I cannot tell. Don't you like her?"

"Not much," answered Arthur. "She told me she was going to be with us, instead of mamma."

Mrs. Philip Danesbury wondered what there could be, or not be, in Miss St. George, that nobody seemed to like her. She only hoped her brother-in-law would fall into the general opinion.

When they assembled to sit down to dinner, Arthur was not to be found. He had made his way into the factory to Thomas Harding. The latter shook him by the hand, and said he was glad to see him home again.

"Mr. Harding," whispered the child, struggling to hide the tears, which would rise to his eyes, "could you not have helped the gate from falling on the horses?"

"Master Arthur, sir, you see this arm," said Thomas Harding, holding it out, bared to the elbow, for his coat was off, and his shirt sleeve rolled up, at his work, "well, I'd have given that freely, ay, and the other to it, to have helped it. I wish I could."

"Aunt Philip says Giles was tipsy. And that if he had not been so, mamma would have been here now."

"And that's true, Master Arthur."

"Why do they let people get tipsy?"

"Who let them, dear?"

"I don't know," said the child, puzzled himself, as he thought over his question. "Why do people get tipsy?"

"I believe they can't tell, themselves, why. Nobody who is worth anything does so."

"You don't, do you, Mr. Harding?"

"No; I'm thankful to say I have kept from that failing all my life," he fervently answered.

"And papa does not?"

"No, no, child. I tell you nobody, who is good, does such a disgraceful thing. Only poor creatures who have no self-restraint."

"Does Giles get tipsy now?"

"No, that he does not! The jailor takes care of that. He is in prison, Master Arthur."

"For killing mamma!"

"For letting the gate swing to, and frighten the horses. He is to be tried at the March assizes."

"Is Master Danesbury here?" called out a servant-man, who had come in search of him. "Oh, there you are, sir. Dinner's waiting."

CHAPTER IV.

THE GAME PLAYED OUT.

The time went on. March Assizes came and passed, and Roger Giles entered upon the punishment awarded him—two years imprisonment. Miss St. George stopped on at Danesbury House; nobody suggested to her that she should leave it, and she took care not to suggest it to herself. She behaved wonderfully well, and endeavored to ingratiate herself with all in it, master, servants, and children. Her exertions never flagged. Her chief consideration seemed to be that of rendering herself unobtrusively agreeable to Mr. Danesbury; and, so far as he or any body else saw of her temper, it might be that of an angel. The servants were indulged; the children were petted; it all went on as smooth as oil. Miss St. George was playing her game.

Summer came round, and with it Isabel's birth-day. Some children were invited to dinner, and Mrs. Philip Danesbury was expected to preside; but she did not come, and they sat down without her, Miss St. George occupying the place opposite Mr. Danesbury; when Mrs. Philip was there, she always took it herself. At the period of dessert, Miss St. George filled glasses of wine for the children; including Arthur and Isabel.

"Why have you given wine to me and Isabel?" asked Arthur.

"It is Isabel's birth-day, and you must drink her health," was Miss St. George's reply.

"But we never drink wine," repeated Arthur.

"That's no reason why you never should. On such an occasion as this, it is necessary. What would Isabel say, if you did not drink good wishes to her?"

"I'll drink them in water," said Arthur.

"Oh, no, that would never do," Miss St. George remonstrated, "that would not be cordial. May he not have a glass of wine to-day?" she added, appealing to Mr. Danesbury.

"If he likes," was the reply. Mr. Danesbury had never been so particular as his wife about the children's beverage being positively restricted to water. Probably he had not thought about it so much and deeply.

"There, Arthur," said Miss St. George, "your papa gives you leave."

"No," answered Arthur, passing the wine back towards Miss St. George. And filling a wine-glass with water, he wished his sister many happy returns of the day. The children followed his example, but drank their good wishes in wine.

"Now, Isabel," said Miss St. George, "thank every one. There's your wine."

Isabel raised the wine to her lips, but before she could taste it, Arthur had risen from his seat, opposite to her, and was leaning across the table, with a flushed face and kindling eye, speaking vehemently.

"Isabel! *You know.*"

His startling energy aroused Mr. Danesbury to astonishment. Isabel instantly put down her glass, blushed painfully, and likewise pushed it towards Miss St. George.

"You ought to be ashamed, Isabel," continued Arthur; "if I had not spoken, you were going to drink it. You have forgotten mamma."

Isabella burst into tears.

"It was Miss St. George told me," she sobbed; "I did not want to drink it."

"You have a very particular prejudice against drinking wine, Arthur," said Mr. Danesbury, smiling.

"Papa, I promised her that I never would. And Isabel knows all about it that I never mean to, and she said she never would. Miss St. George knew it."

"Promised who?" said Mr. Danesbury.

"My dear mamma. It was the last word she said to me before she left, that night; and I promised her, and she is looking down from Heaven at me now."

He laid his head on the table, overcome by the remembrance of his mother, and sobbed aloud. It seemed that Mr. Danesbury was likewise overcome, for he hastily rose, and quitted the room for some minutes.

"Do not attempt to give the children wine again," he said to Miss St. George when he returned. And Miss St. George bowed her head; but she would very much have liked, just then, to give Arthur a wholesome whipping instead.

They soon heard why Mrs. Philip Danesbury had not arrived to dinner. She had received news from Yorkshire that her mother was alarmingly ill, and she had been busy making preparations to start thither on the morrow morning. She ran up at night to say good-bye. Miss St. George, lamenting outwardly, was in a state of inward rapture, fervently hoping that the visit might last six months.

Six months it did last. For Mrs. Philip Danesbury found her mother, Mrs. Heber, in a precarious state, and thought it necessary to remain. It was summer when she went—it was winter when she came back; and the very first news to greet her on her return was, that Eliza St. George was to be Mr. Danesbury's second wife.

Mrs. Philip sat down like one paralyzed.

"If I did not say it!" she uttered, "I wish he had chosen anybody else, for I don't like the woman; and the children will never like her. What can possess him?"

She wrapped herself up the next morning, and set off in the snow to see Mr. Danesbury. Not going to the house, but seeking him at the Works. He was in his private room.

"John," she said, when greetings had passed, and she warmed her hands over the hot blaze of the fire, "you are going to marry again I hear."

"I believe so, Maria."

"What did I tell you? That, if you did not take care, she would play her cards and win. And she has done it!"

"It was well for me to marry again. Not that *I* cared about it," he emphatically added, "for I have not yet forgotten Isabel. But the house wanted a mistress, and the children a mother. Miss St. George is amiable—she seems a good manager, and I do believe," he added, with a comical look, that her whole heart is wrapt up in me and the children.—You should see how fond she has grown of William."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"What does that interjection mean?" laughed Mr. Danesbury.

"Why, it means that I do not take in what you say, John. I believe you are as completely *done* as ever man was. I do not believe in her amiability, for I think it is all put on; and I do not believe in her love for the children—no, not even for William, for I think that is put on. I cannot speak as to what it may be for you."

"Maria, you were always prejudiced against Miss St. George. You were, before you saw her."

"Admitted. Because her coming down here in the way she did, looked to me a suspicious proceeding. Now, I am sure it was one. But when I came to see and know Miss St. George, my prejudice did not lessen. I wish you had chosen any one else, for the children's sake. At the time I went away, I was beginning to think and hope there was another your choice would have fallen upon."

He looked at her inquiringly.

"Miss Roper."

"Ah, she is a nice girl," said Mr. Danesbury, with animation. "She would have been rather young for me, Maria."

"She is six or seven-and-twenty. And I am quite sure she would have made a loving mother to your children. I am astonished at your want of taste, John, in preferring Miss St. George to her."

"Now, don't call my taste in question, if you please, Maria," said he, good-humoredly. "I admire Miss Roper more than I do Miss St. George, and I do not particularly care for either. I can never care for any woman as I cared for Isabel."

"You will persuade me, next, you are out of your senses," was the retort of Mrs. Philip. "If you prefer Miss Roper, why do you marry Miss St. George?"

"To tell you the truth," he answered, in a low tone, "I was, in a manner, drawn into the marriage. But, of course, this must never go beyond you."

"Drawn into it? I do not understand."

"It seems the neighborhood got talking about my attention to Miss St. George, which appears to me to be very strange, for I declare that I never paid her any particular attention. I certainly used to drive them out in the open carriage most evenings, herself and the two children, and she sat in the front seat with me; I could not put her in the back, you know, a relation of Isabel; and I used to give her my arm to church, and there my attention ended."

"And who says the neighborhood made remarks?" interrupted Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"Listen. One day Mrs. Serle arrived here in a desperate bustle. She sought an interview with me, and said Eliza had written to her that she was miserable: that after what the neighborhood had been pleased to say, she should never hold up her head again in happiness, and that of course she must leave Danesbury House, and they might as well tear her life from her, as tear her from me and the children."

"What did you say to all this rhapsody?"

"Gave the neighborhood a blessing, or something equivalent to it—though no rumors had reached my ears; and told Mrs. Serle that it was a mistake to suppose I had paid any particular attentions; I had paid none whatever.—Mrs. Serle assured me things had been said, and asked what I could do in the dilemma; hinting that for a reproach to have been cast to Isabel's cousin—"

"About forty times removed," contemptuously interrupted Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

Mr. Danesbury smiled as he continued.

"That for a reproach to have been cast on Isabel's cousin, would have proved a bitter grief to *her*, had she been in life. Then I began to think that, as I had almost determined to marry again, I might as well take Miss St. George as anybody else, and settle the neighborhood that way. So, without giving myself time for consideration—I acknowledge that—I told Mrs. Serle that the matter had better be ended in that manner."

"And they snapped at it!"

"They accepted it," said Mr. Danesbury.

"It was all a planned trap!" vehemently spoke Mrs. Philip. "Mrs. Serle's coming down and saying what she did, was a planned trap to draw you in, planned between her and Miss St. George. I wish I was as sure of heaven! She has played out her game."

Mr. Danesbury stood, his tall form drawn to its full height. He began pushing, with his boot, some starting bits of coal into the fire, between the bars of the grate.

"John!" said Mrs. Philip.

"Well?"

"Do not carry it out. Let her bring an action for Breach of Promise. She is just the one to do it."

"But, indeed, I mean to carry it out. You must not think I repent, Maria. I believe in Miss St. George's amiability, if you do not, and I think she will make me a suitable wife."

"Well—if you are satisfied. I only hope you will always find cause to be so," added Mrs. Philip, earnestly. "Believe me, no one would rejoice more than I to find that I am wrong. When is it to be? I hear Miss St. George is in London."

"She returned with her sister. It is to take place immediately."

And it did so. And Eliza St. George became the second Mrs. Danesbury, to her own unequivocal self-gratulation and delight.

It was on a Tuesday afternoon, and just a week after the wedding. Glisson and Jessy were seated in their old room, the nursery; Glisson, not rocking herself in idleness, but pacing about angrily, in what Jessy called "a temper." On the carpet sat William, playing with some toys; and Jessy was trimming a cap for herself with white satin ribbon. The work seemed somewhat to puzzle her, for she pinned the ribbon on, and unpinned it, in indecision.

"Nurse, see here," cried she, holding the cap towards the view of Mrs. Glisson, as the

latter approached her in her restless wanderings. "Would this look better, quilled round the crown, or put in bows at the sides? Just tell me what you think: I want it to be smart."

"It would look best this way," returned the nurse; and, taking the cap and ribbon from Jessy's hand, she dashed them to the ground. The reader, however, must not take a wrong view of Mrs. Glisson's strange action: she was perfectly sober.

"Now, then!" uttered Jessy, "what's that for?"

"I have no patience with you!" she burst forth. "Decking yourself off for a woman that's not fit to stand in your poor dead mistress's shoes; not fit to tie 'em for her, or to buckle on her garters! You are as bad as she is. Let her come and see you with the black bows in your cap, as she will me; it may show her that we sorrow after the old mistress, more than we care to welcome the new."

"Black or white won't alter it," rejoined Jessy, intent on her cap again. "It is done, and it can't be undone; and if the rest of the maids put on white ribbons, there's no reason why I should not. You are as cranky as you can be to-day."

"Cranky, ay!" ejaculated Mrs. Glisson, flinging herself on a chair with a groan, "and you'd be cranky, too, if you had the feelings of an owl. I wonder you can reconcile yourself to stop in the house, after such a change! I wonder the servants down stairs can do it!"

"You are stopping, yourself," said Jessy.

"Because I am forced to it. Could I go and leave that baby"—pointing to the unconscious little fellow on the carpet—"to her mercies? When I meet my poor dear mistress face to face in heaven, what would she say to me, if I had abandoned her child to the dislike of a deceitful step-mother? No; if master goes and makes a fool of himself, and brings home twenty wives with two faces, one for him, and t'other for other folks, *I* must stop on, and put up with it, till William's beyond my care. I told master so."

"You never did!" uttered Jessy. "When?"

"That don't matter to you. Get on with your fine wedding cap."

There was a pause. Jessy, who was then standing at the window, broke out,

"Here comes Mrs. Philip Danesbury. I suppose her cold's better, then. She has not got the children with her: I wonder how long she intends to keep them?"

"I hope she'll keep them till they are dragged from her with cords," fired Glisson. "She would, if she was of my mind. Her home will be better for them, than their own, now."

Mrs. Philip Danesbury came into the nursery.

"Well, Glisson; well, Jessy," cried she, as the servants rose. "You have thought me lost, no doubt, but it is nine days since I stepped outside the door. Willie, what has Aunt Philip got?"

The child had risen and run to her. Next to Glisson, whom he dearly loved, he was fondest of Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"There," she said, giving him a pretty little toy in sugar, "sister Isabel sent that for Willie."

"When are the children coming home, ma'am?" put in Jessy.

"When their father asks for them; not before," replied Mrs. Philip, with a sharpness in her accent that seemed akin to that of Glisson. "He and—and—his wife—will not be here before Friday."

"Oh, won't they, though!" retorted Glisson, forgetting her respect in her mind's annoyance. "They are coming to-day, ma'am."

"To day!"

"This very blessed Tuesday," returned Glisson. "Master's wanted in a hurry for some business at the works, and some of them wrote to him, and he wrote word back he would be home to day. They got the letter at the factory this morning, and sent in and told us, by his orders. It's a black day for me, I know that."

"Jessy," said Mrs. Philip, not immediately replying to Glisson, "Miss Isabel requires a clean tucker or two; will you put them up?"

Jessy left the room.

"You must try and make the best of it, Glisson," Mrs. Philip continued, when they were alone. "It would never do, you know, for you to leave William."

"That's the only thing that's keeping me; nothing else in the world. If she begins to treat him badly, I'll step between them, and ask master to uphold me for his late wife's sake."

"Hush, Glisson! She will not do that. She appears to be so very fond of him."

"Just as a certain gentleman is of holy water," irreverently snapped Glisson. "From the very first hour she set foot in this house, she has been plotting how best to catch master; I saw through her, if nobody else did. He had no more chance against her than a fly has with a spider, but just walked into the web, like a blindfolded simpleton. It's of no good, ma'am, I must speak! I am fit this day to take and hang myself. Oh, my poor dead mistress!"

Glisson bent her head in her hands, and swung backwards and forwards in her chair, after the manner of one overwhelmed with grief. In a minute she looked up again.

"Ma'am, Mrs. Philip Danesbury, didn't *you* see through her?"

"I did," was the low answer.

The woman wrung her hands.

"Then why, oh, why, didn't you warn master, and set him on his guard? It was not for me to do such a thing, ma'am, but you might!"

"I did warn him," was the rejoinder on Mrs. Philip's lips, but she checked herself, and did not speak it.

"It was a funny thing altogether," resumed Glisson. "Master did not seem fond of her; he did not seem to care about her at all. Then came that visit of Mrs. Serle. She was closeted with Miss St. George after she got here, and I'll be whipped if I didn't say to Jessy that those two were hatching mischief. After that master was sent for from the factory, and Mrs. Serle was closeted with him. The next day the two sisters went back to London together, and we heard that there was going to be a marriage. They are deep ones, those women, if my eyes are worth anything."

"I heard that, about the time of this visit of Mrs. Serle, there was a report in the neighborhood that Mr. Danesbury's name had been gratuitously coupled with that of Miss St. George."

"There never was such a report," returned Glisson, decisively, "and whoever sa s it, says wrong. It was just the other way. When Miss St. George came first, folks laughed and joked, and said she had come to pick up Mr. Danesbury. But at the twelvemonth's end, when she was no nearer doing it, they laughed at her for being baulked, and said Mr. Danesbury was too wise to be caught."

"Nurse, are you sure of this?"

"I am sure and certain. The servants down stairs have not had much else to do than collect news—and I'll back them for being awake to what goes on in the neighborhood, and for what's said. Whoever told you, ma'am, that scandal was talked of master and Miss St. George, told an untruth, and knows it. It was, I say, just the opposite."

It wanted not this to confirm Mrs. Philip Danesbury's suspicions that her brother-in-law had been made the victim of a cunning plan.

"Not another hour would I have stopped, but for the child," went on Glisson, "and so I told master. It was one day after Miss St. George was gone; the children were out, master was dining alone. After dinner, the bell rang for the baby, and I took him down, and master put him on his knee. 'Glisson,' said he, turning to me, 'I suppose you have heard that there is going to be a change.' 'Yes, master,' says I, 'and I'd rather have been swallowed up by an earthquake, than have heard it; and I am thinking that I shan't be able to stop; it'll go against the grain.' 'What are you saying?' he interrupted, 'you must stop; you have not been in the family so many years, to leave it now.' 'There's only one thing keeps me, sir,' I said, 'and that's this precious child; I must stop to put myself between him and harm, knowing that I sent his poor mother out of the world.' 'Stop with him always, Glisson,' whispered master, as he gave the child back to me, and I saw that his eyes were wet."

At this juncture in came Jessy, all excitement.

"Ma'am! ma'am! here they are! Glisson, they are come!"

"Who are come?" demanded Mrs. Philip, considerably startled, as she hastened to the window in the wake of Jessy. "Not Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury?"

But it was. Mr. Danesbury's chariot, with post horses, was sweeping up the gravel drive. He was in it, and his new wife sat beside him. Mrs. Philip was at a nonplus.

"I would not have had it happen so for anything!" she exclaimed. "*I* will not be here to receive her. Were they expected so early as this?"

"They were expected to dinner, ma'am, but not just yet," answered Jessy. "Glisson, there's my cap never finished!"

"And I hope it never will be, with those ribbons on it," retorted Glisson.

The carriage drew up, and its inmates alighted, the servants going out to receive them, and to unpack the chariot. Mr. Danesbury entered but for a minte or two, and then departed to the factory, and Mrs. Danesbury was heard ascending the stairs. Her new rooms, once those of her predecessor, were on the same floor as the nursery, and it was impossible to say for which she might be making.

"What on earth am I to do?" uttered Mrs. Philip.

"Step in here, to the night nursery, ma'am," suggested Jessy, in a whisper, as she held the door open. "I do believe she is coming in here."

Mrs. Philip did so. Most particularly unpalatable was it to her to be in the new Mrs. Danesbury's house at this, the moment of her return, though she did not stay to analyze the reason. Mrs. Philip looked round the room; Glisson's bed was in it, and little William's by its side, and there she stood, listening.

Mrs. Danesbury had, however, turned into her own rooms, and Mrs. Philip, after waiting a few minutes, was about to emerge from her hiding chamber, when Mrs. Danesbury's steps were again heard. She entered the day nursery, and Mrs. Philip, at sound of her voice, whisked quietly inside a closet by Glisson's bed.

"How do you do, nurse?" said Mrs. Danesbury.

Glisson snatched up little William, before she answered—

"I'm among the middlings, ma'am."

"You little love!" uttered Mrs. Danesbury, making a great show of kissing the boy. "How well he looks, nurse!"

The nurse coughed.

"It's to be hoped he isn't ill, ma'am."

William raised his finger, and pointed to the door of the night nursery,

"Aunt Phe-eep dere," lisped he.

Jessy felt her face flush the color of a peony, but Glisson had her presence of mind about her.

"You silly little donkey," quoth she to the child, beginning to toss him in her arms, as if for sport, and turning his face from the door, "it's not your Aunt Philip, its Mrs. Danesbury. He has got a trick of calling all folks Aunt Philip," added Glisson, popping out an untruth in her perplexity.

Mrs. Danesbury laughed, and returned to her own room, deeming she had accomplished her duty to the nursery, in paying it a visit, and glad that it was over.

Glisson looked in at the chamber door. She could not see Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"Why, where—why, she's never gone into my closet!" breathed Glisson to herself; "but I'm the fool for leaving the key in the door!" And when Mrs. Philip emerged from it, albeit not one of the blushing sort, turned as red as Jessy had just done.

"She's gone, is she not?" whispered Mrs. Philip.

"All safe, and shut up in her own room, ma'am. She won't come again, I'll answer for it."

"Nurse, my petticoats have knocked a bottle down, and it is either broken, or else the cork has come out. It appears to have gin in it."

"Gin!" repeated nurse Glisson, in a tone of remonstrance. "Gin, ma'am!"

"Well, I wondered, myself, what could bring gin in your closet: but it certainly is gin; there's no mistaking the smell."

"Goodness me!" cried the nurse, aloud, but as though she were deliberating a question with herself, "I never can have kept that drop of gin in their, since the night, ever so long ago, when I was bent double with the spasms—legs, and body, and chest, all in a cramp together!"

"How ill you must have been!" said Mrs. Philip, with sympathy.

"Oh, awful—dreadful! I remember some of 'em did run for some gin, frightened, maybe, lest I should be dying, and they drenched me with it. It must be the remains of that, forgotten, all this while, in my closet. Oh, yes, I can scent it here," added Glisson, sniffing, "sure enough i'ts gin—nasty smelling stuff! I'll see to it when you are gone, ma'am."

"Good-bye," whispered Mrs. Philip to the child: and then Glisson told what mischief he had nearly caused.

"You very treacherous little marplot!" laughed Mrs. Philip, as she gave him a shower of silent kisses. "Good-bye, nurse; good-bye, Jessy." And, with a light foot, she tripped along the corridor and down the stairs, and escaped, unseen by its new mistress, from Danesbury House. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ "Well, Susan, what do you think of married ladies being happy?" "Why, I think there are more *ain't* that *is*, than *is* that *ain't*."

☞ It would require several horses to draw all the strings of a pianoforte to concert pitch, the strain upon them, when in perfect tune, being about seven tons!

☞ In Providence, R. I., they say of a man who occasionally gets drunk, that he is "at times guilty of voluntary ill health."

☞ Gradual repentance is like a man who wants to be taken out of a burning building, but who says to those about him, "Now, don't take me out too suddenly; take me down first to a room where it is not so hot as it is here; and then to another room, where there is still less heat, and so take me out gradually." Why, the man would be a cinder before you got him out. A man who wants to reform should reform perpendicularly.

☞ Florence Nightingale, it is said, has a most felicitous name. It is felicitous, because it admits of the following anagram: "Flit on, cheering angel."

☞ Ain't it curious, squire, weddin' is never out of women's heads? They never think of nothin' else. A young gal is always thinkin' of her own. As soon as she is married, she is a matchmakin' for her companions, and when she is a grain older, her darter's weddin' is uppermost agin'. Oh, it takes a great study to know a woman. How cunnin' they are? Ask a young gal the news, she'll tell you of all the deaths in the place, to make you think she don't trouble herself about marriage. Ask an old woman, she'll tell you of all the marriages, to make you think she is takin' an interest in the world that she ain't. They certainly do beat all, do women.—*Sam Slick.*

☞ It is not the 'unting that 'urts the 'orse," said a philosophic hostler, "it's the 'ard 'ighway; it's the 'ammering, 'ammering, 'ammering over a 'ard 'ighway; it 'urts 'is 'oves. When you are not going to 'unt, 'ire a 'ack, and 'ammer along with 'im."

☞ The thumb is a useful member, but because you have got one, you needn't necessarily try to get your neighbors under it.

☞ Harry, who boards C. B., took his friend Jack to dinner with him. Being seated, Jack's eyes sparkled as the waiter placed a dish containing "first course," before him. "Capital," thought he. He hurriedly "entered" the first mouthful, which no sooner being done, than, with a face that Hogarth would have delighted to paint, he exclaimed: "Good gracious, Harry, what do you call this?" "Chicken soup." "Here, waiter," said Jack, "take this to the landlady, with my compliments, and say, if she has no objections, you'll drive the chicken through it again."

☞ There is a kind of fortune called ill-luck; so ill, that you hope it will die.

☞ You are a coward if you fear to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you insult the weak. You are a coward if you are afraid to do right.

☞ In a town in Michigan, three boys were lately imprisoned, charged with stealing, one of whom was a negro boy. On the day after the boys were put in confinement, the father of the colored boy called to see his recreant son, and thus addressed him: "Haven't I whipped you, talked to you, and locked you up? And haven't I told you that if you associated with any of the blamed little white cusses you'd bring up here?"

☞ ANOMALIES.—The distinguished and eccentric Judge Brackenridge, formerly of Pittsburg, said: "I had once objected to me, by a Virginia lawyer, an expression of an Act of Assembly of Pennsylvania, that the State House yard, in Philadelphia, should be 'surrounded by a brick wall, and remain an *open enclosure* forever;' but I put him down by that Act of the Legislature of Virginia, which is entitled 'A supplement to an Act entitled an Act to amend an Act making it penal to *alter the mark of an unmarked* hog,'"

☞ "I'll bet a sheep," said old Jones to his other half, "that our boy Tom is going crazy. He is grinning at the plough, and grinning at the barn, and grinning at himself wherever he goes." "Pooh!" said the woman, "don't you know? He got a love letter this morning."

☞ Juleps are in season, and so is the story of a broad-backed Kentuckian who went down to New Orleans for the first time. Whiskey, brandy and plain drinks, he knew; but as to the compound and flavored liquors, he was a know-nothing. Reposing on the seats of the bar-room of the St. Charles, he observed a crowd of fashionables drinking mint juleps. "Boy," said he, "bring me a glass of that beverage." When he had consumed the cooling draught he called the boy again. "Boy, what was my last remark?" "Why, you ordered a julep." "That's right, don't forget *it, keep on bringing 'em!*"

ARAB SUFFERING AND COURAGE.

There is a skeleton in the *Jardins du Roi* in Paris, which more than one, probably, has seen, without knowing to whom it belonged, or its history.

This is it.

On coming from Syria, after conquering the Turks at Aboukir, Bonaparte returned to France, where his ambition, and the dangers menacing his country, called him. But before quitting the East, where he had covered himself with laurels, he wished to assure the future prosperity of his Egyptian colony, by leaving it under the government of a man worthy of his confidence.

He selected among all the Generals who had followed his adventures in that land, all of whom were men who had performed brilliant services, one whose name stands high among all the others, Kleber, the republican; we mean, an ardent and enthusiastic man, a brave and talented General; Kleber, who was the idol of the soldiers, and, in fact, the only man who could make them forget the absence of the hero of Arcole, and the Pyramids.

Scarcely, however, had this General added the name of Heliopolis to all those victories with which the East was ringing, when he fell by the hand of a fanatic.

On the 11th of June, after reviewing the Greek Legion in the island of Roudah, he came to Cairo to preside over the reparations which Monsieur Protain, one of the engineers who had followed the army, was making in his palace.

Both were expected to a breakfast with another general officer, which was given to several of his friends and colleagues.

It was quite a *fete* of rejoicing, and General Kleber was unusually gay, for all had succeeded since he had been left in command. The Turks had been beaten as completely at Heliopolis as at Mount Thabor and Aboukir. The second revolt at Cairo had been put down, and everything seemed to predict that for the future the town would be quiet.

At two in the afternoon Kleber took leave of his host and friends, and taking Monsieur Protain with him, returned towards his palace, where, as we have said, numerous repairs were being made, under the direction of the architect.

There was not far more than five minutes' walk from the General's, where they had breakfasted, to General Kleber's, and to arrive there, it was necessary to pass by a terrace, sheltered by immense vines, overlooking the Place El Bekieh.

The General and the architect were walking slowly, and the latter stopped; from time to time, to trace something with a cane he held in his hand on the sand.

Suddenly a man, clad in Eastern costume, appeared at a short distance from the other two, bowed to General Kleber, and crossing his arms over his breast, sainted after the fashion of the East. He then raised his hand and kissed it. Kleber was accustomed to these demonstrations: the Arabs who visited him to demand justice always acted thus, so he waited for the young man to explain what he wanted. Suddenly, with the quickness of lightning, the stranger drew a curved poignard from his belt, and buried it up to the hilt in Kleber's left side.

The General uttered a cry of pain and surprise, as he stepped backward, and then he leant against the balustrade, calling aloud to a soldier who was passing—

"Help, guard! I am assassinated!"

At the same moment, Monsieur Protain, who had only a cane in his hand, sprang on the murderer, who, after the blow had been dealt, stood a moment silent and motionless; but, finding himself unexpectedly assailed, with the rapidity of thought, he stabbed the unfortunate architect half a dozen times, who fell fainting to the ground.

Like a wild beast, greedy of blood, the man rushed again at Kleber, stabbed him several times, and then fled into the cover whence he had come.

The guard hastened, as quickly as possible, to the General's assistance, but he was obliged to go round to reach the terrace.

By this time, also, Monsieur Protain had come to himself, and, seeing the General leaning against the balustrade, pale and covered with blood, he made an effort to try and reach him, pointing out to him, now too late, unhappily, how imprudent it was to go about without an escort.

But Kleber, gently extending his hand towards him, uttered—

"My friend, this is not the moment to give me advice; I am very ill!"

And he dropped dead.

The same day the soldiers found a young Arab concealed in the gardens belonging to the French baths; his dress was stained with blood in several places. At his feet a dagger was stuck in the sand, which was stained all round by it. This Arab was of very dark complexion, and fragile in make. When brought before the military tribunal appointed to examine him, he gave his name without hesitation, Soleyman El-Kaleby, a native of Syria, twenty-four years of age, a writer by profession, established at Aleppo.

As regarded the rest, he totally denied it all. The General at the head of the court-martial ordered him to be bastinadoed, according to the custom of the country.

After receiving it, he declared himself ready to tell the truth, consequently, he was once more brought before the council of war. There he stated that he had been thirty-one days at Cairo, having come from Gaza on a dromedary; that his sole purpose in coming was to assassinate the General, being sent for the accomplishment of the deed by the chief of the Janissaries; for when the Mussulman troops returned from Egypt, they inquired at Aleppo for some one who would kill the General, promising both money and military rank to whomsoever would do it, and he had accepted.

In the presence of the like acknowledgments, sentence, as may readily be imagined, was quickly pronounced, especially by a court-martial.

Consequently, Soleyman El-Kaleby, convicted of having assassinated the general-in-chief, Kleber, was condemned to have his right hand burnt off, to be impaled, and left there to die, and hang until the birds of prey should devour him.

This execution took place on the return of the crowds which had followed the remains of Kleber to the cemetery, close to the institution, in presence of the army, in deep affliction, and a terrified population; for accustomed to the sort of justice in practice with the Pachas and Beys, who make a whole city responsible for the crime of one man, they could not suppose that the punishment now would stop with the criminal.

As regards Soleyman, he was the perfect Arab assassin, believing himself the one chosen by fate for the purpose, and he walked forward to his execution without fear or ostentation, but firm and calm as a martyr.

When he arrived at the place of execution, his vest which covered his breast was removed, and the hand held over the lighted brazier. The punishment had lasted five minutes before the poor wretch uttered a complaint, when a lighted coal jumped from the fire and fell on the inner part of his arm.

For a moment all his resolution abandoned him, and he struggled, screaming out for the coal to be removed.

The executioner could not help remarking, that it was amazing for a man like himself, who had borne the cruel torture of his hand being burned without a groan, should now cry out for a little burn on his arm.

The answer was peculiar.

"'Tis not the pain," he said, "which makes me complain, "but I stand on my rights: this hot coal was not named in my sentence."

When the hand was burnt off at the wrist, the executioner led him to the spot where he was to be impaled. The spike was run into his body with twelve blows of a wooden mallet, the spike was then driven into the ground on the highest point near the institution. There he remained four hours and a half dying, and almost incessantly repeating verses from the Koran, only interrupting them to ask for something to drink. A muzzin at last took pity upon him, and gave him some water. Soleyman drank it, and expired.

The body remained there about a month, and the birds of prey perfectly accomplished the remainder of the sentence.

The skeleton of this poor wretch was removed to France at the same time as the body of his victim, and is placed in the Jardin du Roi, in the first hall of anatomy, on the left on entering; 'tis that of a man of about five feet two, the bones of the wrist are burnt, and the traces of fire still remain.

The spike, in passing through the loins, had separated two of the spinal vertebræ. They are replaced by two wooden ones, which so well imitate the real, that it requires great attention to distinguish them. B. D.

ONE OF THE QUACKS.

Sir James Clarke, the well-known physician, on one occasion complained to the Court of Chancery, that a London chemist was selling pills which he called "Sir J. Clarke's *Consumption Pills.*" Moreover, he informed the Court that the chemist had attached the following audacious story in recommendation of his quackery:

"By Her Majesty the Queen's permission. Sir James Clarke's Consumption Pills. I am fully aware that, by introducing my cure for consumption as a patent medicine, it will create some astonishment in the minds of the profession, but it is only by having recourse to such means, that the knowledge of the discovery can be disseminated among those unfortunate persons whom it has been my great aim to relieve."

It was evident, from the wording of this, that the unscrupulous chemist wished the public to suppose that Sir James Clarke was addressing them, and that the chemist was, upon the whole, perpetrating as cool and impudent a fraud as his perverted ingenuity could suggest. For all this, however, Sir James Clarke could not obtain the injunction for which he prayed, the Court informing him that his proper remedy was an action for *libel*. They came to this decision, we believe, with some reluctance, but there was no other alternative. It was to no purpose that the counsel employed by Sir James, directed the attention of the Judges to a case tried before Lord Eldon, in which Lord Byron had succeeded in restraining a publisher from publishing, as his, a poem which he had not written. "If Sir James Clarke had been in the habit of making pills as Lord Byron was in the habit of making poems," said Lord Langdale, "the case might have been different."

SUNDAY WORK.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, heard a young girl recount a Sunday's drilling at a New England Boarding-School, and the work seemed so excessive that a repetition of the day's duties was obtained with a view to publication, as the exposition should lead parents to inquire into the regulations of schools before sending their daughters to them.

Regulations for the girls' boarding-shool called "A Young Lady's Seminary," in a certain town in New England:

"But the seventh day is the Sabbath, in it thou shalt do no manner of work," &c.

"Rise at half-past 5 o'clock; breakfast; then prayers of half an hour; from 9 to 10 o'clock attend prayer-meeting; at 10 o'clock to church until 12 o'clock; dinner at half-past 12 o'clock; to church again from 1 to 3 o'clock; from 3 to 6 o'clock learn Bible lessons, and remember the texts of the two sermons, so as to be able to repeat them to the teachers, besides committing to memory another text called a voluntary; then tea, and while at the tea-table the text above mentioned to be recited; after tea to the chapel of the school for Bible-class instruction, which, with prayers, last until 9 o'clock; after 9 o'clock, three chapters in the Bible to be read before retiring for the night at half-past 9 o'clock."

The above, says the writer, were the duties of the day of "rest." What the herculean labors of the week were I was afraid to ask. It is not surprising, he adds, that the victim of such a system broke down after a few weeks trial, and was taken home more dead than alive.

☞ A cotemporary noting that somebody had gone to Havana *for his health*, wonders how it got there!

PROFESSION AND MANHOOD.

The first thing for a man in entering upon active life is to choose his profession; and the next is, for him to hold that profession in its true relations to himself as a man. There are often erroneous views on this last point, which are fatal to all true success in life, because they leave the standard which men should ever strive to reach. A man should remember that, whatever be his business or his profession, this is not all nor the chief end of life; but that *character* is worth infinitely more than his *profession*. Manhood is first, and profession is next in order of the divine arrangements, as well as in the relative order of their value; and therefore this should have the first place in our thoughts.

To illustrate our meaning, let us take a familiar example. A man chooses a trade or a kind of business for his occupation, and to this gives all his thoughts. He finds that by this trade he can become rich, and bends all his energies to accomplish this object. Day and night, summer and winter, year after year, he follows it without relaxing his exertions. He studies the principles of his business just so far as he can render it profitable. In time he becomes skillful in his business, and skill secures him wealth, and wealth is regarded as the evidence of success. Successful he has indeed been as a merchant, a mechanic, or a farmer, but as a man he has made a most woful failure. He is a good tradesman, perhaps, but nothing more. His manhood has shrunk down to the limits of his business; the man is lost in the mere mechanic.

Now, against this view we must earnestly protest, as against one that is false in theory and fatal in practice. We are not placed in this world to be merely farmers, or mechanics, or lawyers, or physicians, but *men*—men in the highest and best sense of that term. And every young man should remember, that it is a nobler achievement to *build* up a good character, than it is to amass a large fortune. We do not undervalue wealth, nor despise success, nor discourage enterprise: on the other hand we say it is a man's duty to succeed; or at least to try to succeed, in whatever business he undertakes. It is an honor to a man to choose a profession adapted to him, and to master that profession so as to make it a source of wealth. But the man himself is worth more than his business or his money—and should ever be regarded as something higher than all employments and professions. We have seen men who were good in their business, but outside of it knew nothing and were nothing; instead of making their profession a *part*; it was the *whole* of them; the *artisan* included the *man*. But the true view is just the reverse of this: the term *man* should include all the elements of character—all the trades and professions; just as a *tree* embraces the trunk and branches, the blossom and golden fruit.

Now, this mistake results from the fact, oftentimes, that business is permitted to absorb all one's time and thought. Then the routine of business is completed, the great work of life is done. Men seek nothing beyond their daily employment, and thus it absorbs, confines, narrows them down to that one thing, and hinders a broader intelligence and more enlarged cultivation of their mental powers.—And the great blessing of Associations and Societies for mutual improvement among young men is, that they tend to break up this exclusive devotion to one thing, or to one profession, and thus cultivate and discipline him as a man. It directs his mind to objects outside of his own employment; outside of the course of his daily thought; outside of the sphere in which the toil of life compels him to move, and thus enlarges his range and variety of information.

We commend these suggestions to all young men, as worthy of their most candid and serious reflection. Seek by all means to master your profession; seek to excel in whatever line of business you have chosen as your life employment; but be not content simply with that. Remember that there is something higher and nobler than all employments and professions, and that is not wealth, nor skill, nor knowledge merely, but *manhood*—the qualities and attributes of a genuine man. Do not permit your business to drag you down to its level or even below it; but elevate and dignify business by carrying into it intelligence, principle, nobleness of aim and largeness of soul, until you make it worthy of your nature and destiny.

IMPUDENCE REBUKED.—A card party was rather unexpectedly broken up the other night at the mansion of the Countess of A———, through the imprudence of a young Irish gentleman, nearly allied to the Thomond family. This innocent son of the Emerald Isle had the honor of playing a rubber, with the Duchess of S——— as a partner. Recollecting the game, her Grace exclaimed, "Let me see; oh, we are eight, *love!*" upon which, the unhappy Hibernian, either misunderstanding the last expression, or from an ill-timed gallantry, replied, "Yes, my *dear!*" No sooner had the words escaped from his unlucky lips, than her Grace laid down the cards, paid the game, and left the room.

GILBERT STUART AND TALLEYRAND.—Stuart used his tongue with as much vigor as he did his pencil. Whilst residing in the city of New York, his rooms were open on stated days to receive visitors, who thronged to admire the productions of an artist who had won such reputation for his country abroad. Among others came Talleyrand. Stuart, a great physiognomist, fixing his eyes upon him attentively for a moment, remarked to a friend, with violent emphasis and gesture, "If that man is not a villain, *the Almighty does not write a legible hand!*"

☞ THE RATE OF INSURANCE.—The average rate of premium required by Fire Insurance Companies, for insurance against fire for one year, of a first class dwelling-house or store, is about one-half of one per cent. The average rate of premium required by Life Insurance Companies, for insurance of the life of a man in good health, say thirty-five years of age, for one year, is about two and a half per cent, thus indicating that the risk of death is five times as great as the risk of fire.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The other day, while a crowded train, stopping at a station near Lorain, Illinois, (we believe,) a handsomely-dressed and deliciously-pretty young lady sprang from the platform to the deck of one of the cars, and casting her glance, like an evanescent sunbeam, down the double row of passengers in the vehicle, suddenly fixed it, with an exclamation of delight, upon a good-looking but rather shame-faced young man, who sat beside a handsome girl, apparently his bride, near the middle of the car. No sooner had he blushed beneath the affectionate gaze of the gushing young creature aforesaid, than she sprang to his side, and half-choked him in the embrace of her delicate arms, exclaiming, as she imprinted a warm kiss on his lightly-feathered lips:

"Why Fred, how do you do? And this is the dear little wife you wrote to us about?"

The "dear little wife" seemed to think this was coming it rather strong, and the way her eyes flashed was a caution to thunder-clouds. As for "Fred," he probably underwent more agony than ever before mocked the possible bliss of man encircled by pretty arms. The kissing lady was not to be put off by the coolness of her reception, however, but again kissed the imprisoned bridegroom, as she hurriedly asked:

"But why don't you get off the train? Don't you know you've got home?"

The expression of wild despair that overspread the young man's face at this climax, and the condensed fury of his bridal partner's glance at the curly head of her unexpected rival, were too much for the passengers.—Everybody saw that there was "some mistake," and a laugh "went up from the assemblage," that made the car-windows and doors leap in their sockets. For the first time the pretty young discoverer of "Fred" seemed to notice that she was attracting attention, and, from a look of startled bewilderment, she suddenly burst into an April shower of tears, dropping her nose upon the agonized traveller's bosom-pin, and sobbing out:

"Oh, Fred! what does all this mean? Have you really forgotten me?"

This was piling on the agony with unmitigated steepness, and an "impending crisis" was distinctly visible to the naked eye. The bride commenced drawing off one glove, the "local" of the Lorain News, who was on board, frantically tore his note-book from his pocket, and had already written "Mysterious Affair!" in a heading, when the terrified young man managed to stammer:

"Re—really, madam, you are mistaken in the person. My name isn't 'Fred,' and I live in Chicago!"

The effect of this overwhelming *denouement* may be easily imagined. Everybody saw the "point" at once. The young lady hastily raised her head from the young man's shoulder, and as she more closely scrutinized the features of her "late relative," a beautiful smile broke through her tears, like a beam of sunset blushing through the misty veil of a yielding storm (!) Shaking back her curls, she said,

"Why, I do believe I have made a mistake."

And then—the laugh came in. The "mystery" was soon explained: the affectionate girl was expecting her "brother Fred" home from California by that train, and the victimized (?) youth's resemblance to her auriferous relative led to the mistake.

Though somewhat disappointed, of course, the young lady took the matter gayly, and went laughingly from the car, amid the irrepressible applause of all parties. The anguished bride, too, drew back the lower edges of her glove—and as the cars moved off, she was seen to smile upon the abashed youth whom she had selected to buy new bonnets and thingumies for her.

Naughty Conduct of a Wag.—While a fashionable *conversazione* was being held at the Music Hall, of Newcastle, England, recently, a malicious wag called one of the most extensive ladies aside, and told her, as a profound secret, that a celebrated electrician had placed a powerful magnet in each of the six beautiful chandeliers, which would cause the steel spring skirt of any lady passing near them to be inverted by the power of the attraction. As any one might conclude, this profound secret was soon known to every lady in the room, and produced a great sensation among the wearers of steel-ribbed garments. During the whole evening not one could be induced to venture near the beautiful mediums of light, and several timid fair ones departed for their homes instanter. When the hoax was proved to be such, the storm of indignation was worthy of womanly lungs, and had the wag been within reach, he would have paid dearly for his amusement.

The Child and the Snake.—On Thursday morning week, a little girl two years old, of Mr. Wm. McDaniel, who resides a few miles from Wheeling, went out into the yard to play, In a short time Mrs. McDaniel was horrified at seeing her little girl coming, tottering along the path toward the house with a large copper-head snake in her hands. The child had one hand just below the neck, and the other about the middle, and the forked tongue of the venomous creature was projecting from its mouth in the most savage manner. The mother was almost frightened to death, and our informant says that she has not gotten over the fright yet. A member of the family immediately ran to the child, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in rescuing it from its perilous situation without being bitten. The child evidently thought it had found a pretty plaything, and the coldness of the morning had undoubtedly benumbed the snake so that it was not so active as it otherwise would have been.

NEWS ITEMS.

Death of a Bride.—Miss Rose A. Queen, of Alabama, whose romantic marriage with young Mr. Bogart, of Mississippi, we noticed about a month since, has died. The marriage was entirely satisfactory to the parents of the young couple, but the great mental excitement which Miss Queen passed through in this city, caused congestion of the brain, and death ensued at the residence of her parents in the State of Alabama.

A Japanese in a Barber's Shop.—A good joke is told of one of the second order of officers. On Saturday he went into a barber's shop, near the hotel, in order to have his tonsure fresh shaven, which was accordingly done, and quite to his liking. On leaving, he paid the barber, in strict accordance with tonsorial prices in the empire from which he came, taking from his pouch and placing in the hands of the barber one copper cash, eight of which are equal to one cent. So doing, he walked leisurely away.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, the organ of Mr. Fillmore, has an editorial in its issue of Saturday, sustaining the Republican nominations at Chicago.

The young lady, about whom the love troubles of the young Prince of Wales have begun, and which have led, according to rumor, to his visit to the North American colonies, is the Lady Caroline Villers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Robert Peel, of whom the Countess of Jersey was the eldest daughter. She is very young, not over 17; the Prince not 19 until November next. It may be held to be one of the plagues of high station that, if these young people really love each other, they should be separated; and that, whether they do or not, their names should be mixed up with scandal on both sides of the Atlantic.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 160—Adults 84, and children 76.

The Collection of Debts.—The Wisconsin Legislature have formally considered a proposition to abolish all laws for the collection of debts. The mover of the bill—Mr. Elmore—said:—

"It was all a humbug and a cheat, a matter of technicalities and legal shuffling. Lawyers gave advice, in order to obtain a fee and encourage litigation. Judges made blunders and mistakes. He had but little experience in law, and that was rich. [Laughter.] He would give a history of it. The speaker then related how he had purchased a yoke of oxen about fifteen years ago—paid fifty dollars for them—a few days after, the son of the man of whom he bought the oxen came to him and said the oxen were his. He insisted on having pay over again, and commenced a suit before a justice. The jury didn't agree. Finally, through the blunders of the Bushwood justice of the peace, the case went against him. He appealed it to the Circuit Court in Milwaukee. 'There,' said he, 'I lost again, and said to my lawyer: I will give you ten dollars to quote Pennsylvania law to Judge Miller, and have a new trial ordered. [Great laughter.] He took the ten dollars and performed the duty.

"A new trial was then granted, and venue changed to Walworth county. Judge Irvin was then the Judge. Any man who wanted to gain a cause in his court, had either to go hunting with him and let the Judge claim all the game that was shot, or else pat his dog. Well, I patted the dog. [Laughter.] I fed the dog with crackers. [Renewed laughter.] The case was decided in my favor. When I heard the decision I thought to myself the dog had followed me about long enough—I turned around and gave him a kick. [Laughter.] The yelp of the dog had hardly subsided ere I heard the Judge say 'Mr. Clerk, this judgment is set aside, and a new trial granted.' [Great laughter.] Mr. Speaker, that kick cost me $200! [Convulsive laughter.] You have no doubt seen a suit in a justice's court in the country. There is time spent by jurors and hangers-on, besides other costs, at least $50, besides the ill feelings and dissensions caused by it. It is all a cheat. The litigants had better sit down and play a game of old sledge to decide the case. It would be more sure to settle the disputes justly."

[We think tossing up a copper is a better and fairer mode than "old sledge."—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

A letter in Le Siecle gives an account of the capture of Father Otterio Lauza, a political refugee, on board an American vessel in the Sicilian waters, by the Neapolitan police. Mr. Barstow, the U. S. Consul, who permitted this outrage, is said to do the agreeable to the bloody Inquisition of the young Bomba.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	10a	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	103½	103½
" " new	106½	107
" 5 "	84	
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	43	50
All'y City 6 pr ct	68	73
" County	43	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 6 "	84½	85
Tenn 6 "	21½	22
" 5 " coupon	80	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	29	—
Ohio " 1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	94½	95
N Y City, '67-8	110	110
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	142	145
Philadelphia	116½	117
Far & Mec	84½	87½
Commercial	47	49½
N Liberty	—	61
Mechanics	29½	32
Southwark	85	—
P Township	35	40½
Kensington	60	—
Girard	46½	46½
Western	—	60
Man & Mec	29½	32
Commerce	—	90
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	48	—
Consolidation	22½	—
Commonwealth	21	25½
Corn Exchange	—	23½
Germantown	—	80
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—
Exchange	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	125	126
Northern "	120	—
Louisville "	125	—
Farmers "	110	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	90	—
Planters "	—	100
N O Gas Light	101	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25
Lehigh Zinc	1½	1¾
New Creek	—	1
New Grenada	—	4
N America Ins'ce	17	20
N Liberties Gas	33	—
Southwark and Frankford R R	530	54
Bonds	92	95

	Bid.	Asked
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR.		
1st mort bonds	101	10 1
2nd "	91	93½
stock	33½	35
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	98
stock	153	154
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	82	82½
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '70	72½	73
stock	21½	22
Lehigh Valley M R mort 6 pr ct	92½	93
stock	48½	49
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	43	44
6 pr ct loan, '85	97½	98
Ches Val R R, '72	36½	—
Tiora R R	75	88
Wilm'n & Elmira 7's 1st mort	62½	70
2nd "	12½	13
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	½	1
Beaver Meadow stock	—	60½
preferred 10 pr ct	50	—
North Penn's R R stock	8	8½
6 pr ct loan	70½	71
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	32	40
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	61½	—
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	60
bonds '85	80	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	18
Long Island R R stock	12	13
bonds	93	95
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	89½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	73½	73½
imp. 6 pr ct	80	—
stock	—	24
preferred	20	20½
Lehigh Nav stock	53	54
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	32	32
Morris Consol'd	53½	59½
preferred	113	114
Cass & Del	40	—
bonds	78	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	90
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	30	4
	30½	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 26, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.	ALABAMA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 2 dis
NEW JERSEY.	MISSISSIPPI.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	All bks uncertain
DELAWARE	LOUISIANA
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
MARYLAND.	OHIO.
Baltimore par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.
NEW YORK.	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks par to ¼ dis	INDIANA.
MAINE.	State bank 1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	ILLINOIS.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	Solv bks 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MISSOURI.
VERMONT	Solv bks 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	TENNESSEE.
CONNECTICUT	Old bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MICHIGAN.
MASSACHUSETTS.	Solv bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	WISCONSIN.
RHODE ISLAND.	Solv bks 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	TEXAS.
VIRGINIA.	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston — dis
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis	IOWA.
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	State bk 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	KANSAS.
NORTH CAROLINA.	Kansas Valley bk 5 dis
Solv bks ¾ to 1½ dis	MINNESOTA.
GEORGIA.	Bank St. Paul 5 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	CANADA.
SOUTH CAROLINA.	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2000 head. The prices ranged from $7½ to 8@9½ for ordinary and good. Sheep—6000 head at prices ranging from 4¾ to 5¾c ₩ lb for sheared. 3000 head of Hogs, sales were made at prices ranging from $7 to 8¾ ₩ 100 lbs. 230 head of Cows were sold at prices ranging from $20 to 60.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

May 26.—FLOUR firm; sales of 12,500 bbls. Wheat firm; sales of 30,000 bus at 123@125c for Milwaukee Club. Corn has a declining tendency; 70,000 bus sold at 56@65c for mixed. Whiskey steady at 21¼c.

IF YOU WANT WHISKERS or MOUSTACHES, use my ONGUENT, which will force them to grow in six weeks, and will not stain or injure the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail postage free, anywhere. R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau street, New York.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour, under moderate receipts and a limited demand, both for export and home use has been dull and unsettled, and some holders, in order to meet the views of buyers, have reduced the prices 25@37½c ₩ bbl since the close of last week. The inquiry, however, has been moderate at the decline, and the week's sales reach 9000 bbls, part taken for shipment to England, at $5,50 for standard superfine and $5,75 for extras, including about 1500 bbls of the latter, better brands at $6@6,12½, and 1000 bbls at $7 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, closing with a little more firmness at those figures. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent within the range of quotations for common to choice superfine, extras and extra family, and $7,25@7,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour continues dull, and sells in a small way only at $4,12½ ₩ bbl. Corn Meal is also but little inquired for, and about 400 bbls Penna Meal sold early in the week at $3,50 ₩ bbl; buyers now offer less.

GRAIN—The market for Wheat, like Flour, has been unsettled and drooping during the entire week. The receipts are moderate, but the demand, both for shipment and milling is limited, and prices 3@5c ₩ bus lower. Sales include about 25,000 bus, in lots, at $1,35@1,45 for fair to good and choice reds, and $1,50 to 1,60 for white, the latter for very prime. Rye is also lower, and about 4000 bus Penna sold at 89@86c, closing at the latter rate. Corn has been in fair request, but at very irregular prices, prime lots only, which are scarce, being salable, and about 50,000 bus yellow sold at from 60 to 70c for damaged, and 72 to 73c for good and choice quality, afloat, including white at 73@74c. Oats are lower, with sales of 28,000 bus at 43@44c for Delaware, 41c for Virginia, and 44@45c for Penna, including a cargo of Prince Edward's Island Oats, at the latter rate, weight, and closing dull at the decline. Barley and Malt are also dull, and we are only advised of a sale of the former, Canada Barley at 75c.

PROVISIONS—The prices of the Hog product generally continue firm and on the advance, the high views of holders limiting operations. Mess Pork is steady at $18,25@18,50, Prime $15, and City Packed Mess Beef at $14@15 ₩ bbl, without much doing. Of Bacon, further sales of 400 casks are reported at 11@12c for Plain and Fancy Hams; 10½@10¾ for Sides, and 8¼@8½c for Shoulders. Green Meats are more inquired for, and sales of 600 casks mostly Shoulders in salt to note at 8c for future and 7½c for present delivery, cash and time. Sides are held at 9½@10c, and Hams in salt and pickle at 9½@10½c, without much doing. Lard is also better, and 300 bbls and tcs sold, part private and part at 11½c; kegs are worth 12½@12½c. Butter moves off slowly at 12@15c for Roll, and 9@10c for packed, as in quality. Cheese is selling at 11@11½c ₩ lb, and Eggs at 12c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market has been firmer, and rather more active during the past week, the demand being partly speculative, and some 1800 bales have been disposed of in lots at from 8 to 13½c for inferior to middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time, mostly at from 11½ to 12¼c for middling to middling fair Uplands, cash.

BARK—The market for fine ground Quercitron is steady, with further sales of 70 hhds at $29 for 1st No 1. Coarse is not wanted. A sale of Tanners' Bark was made at $15 for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX—There is but little offering or selling, and good Yellow is worth 34c ₩ lb.

COAL—Orders are coming in rather more freely and the market is more active, but without any change to note in prices, which are steady for all kinds of Anthracite Coal. The receipts and stocks are moderate for the season, and the market firm.

COFFEE—There is very little arriving, and the stocks in first hands are unusually light, the demand, however is limited, and the market quiet at previous quoted rates; sales include some 800 bags at 13@14c for Rio, as in quality; 14c for good Laguayra, and 500 bags St. Domingo at 12½c, all on the usual terms.

COPPER is dull, and both Sheathing and Yellow Metal sell slowly at quotations.

FEATHERS continue very scarce. The demand, however, is limited, and good Western sell slowly at about 50c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit is very unsalable, the season being about over, and some lots of Dried Apples have been closed out at 4@4½c ₩ lb.

HIDES are firmly held, and some 1600, mostly Caracas, sold from a recent import at 22½c, usual credit. The Porto Cabellos are going to New York. There have been no further arrivals.

HOPS are very dull, Eastern and Western selling in lots as wanted, 10@14c ₩ lb.

IRON—The market for this staple is dull but steady, at previous quoted rates, with further sales of about 1500 tons Anthracite in lots at $23, for No. 1 and $22 for No. 2, on time, including some 600 tons low grades, mostly to go West, on terms we could not learn. Some small sales of Scotch Pig are also reported at $25, as to lots, on time. Sales of old Railroad Bars were made at $30. Blooms and Boiler Iron are dull, prices unchanged. In Bars and Rails there is very little movement, and there is no alteration in prices, but orders are scarce.

LEAD is quiet and the stock light: a small sale of Virginia was made at $5,80, the 100 lbs., equal to cash.

LEATHER is firmly held, and a good demand for Slaughter at fully former rates.

LUMBER is arriving slowly, and White Pine Boards sell as wanted at $13@18; Yellow Sap at $14@16, as in quality, and Lehigh Hemlock do at $10,50. Shingles are in steady demand. A cargo of Laths sold at $1,75 ₩ M.

MOLASSES—Prime is wanted at full prices, but there is very little of that description here, and we are advised of sales of 300 hhds Clayed Cuba at 24@25c, mostly at the former rate. Some Muscovado at 33@35c, and 600 bbls New Orleans at 45@47c, all on the usual terms.

PLASTER continues dull. There is very little offering or selling, and the last sales of soft were at $2,75 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover seed offering or selling, the demand being limited and the sales small at $4@4,75 ₩ bus, as in quality. Timothy is also very quiet. Flaxseed comes in slowly, the season being about over, and domestic is worth $1,62.

SPIRITS—The market for all kinds is quiet, and prices about the same, with a small business to note in foreign. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 35@36; Whiskey ranges at 21@21½c for Pennsylvania bbls; 22@22½c for Western; 19½@20c for drudge, and 21c for hhds, selling in a small way at the latter rates.

SUGARS—The market has been very active during the past week, and prices are fully ¼c better. The sales include about 3500 hhds, part for refining, at 6¾@7¼c for Cuba, 6¾@8c for Porto Rico, and 8¼@7¾c for New Orleans, on time, mostly of the former, refined Sugars are also a fraction higher

TALLOW has been selling in a small way at 10@10¼c for city.

TOBACCO—There is no alteration in prices, but the demand, which is mostly to supply the trade, is rather better.

WOOL—There is very little movement in this article the near approach of the new clip having a tendency to unsettle and depress the market for all kinds. Buyers are not disposed to operate to any extent except at lower figures than are now current, and quotations are nearly nominal.

New Music Book for the Young.
THE NIGHTINGALE.

A Choice Collection of nearly 200 Songs, Chants and Hymns for Juvenile Classes, Public Schools and Seminaries; with a complete system of Elementary Instruction in Vocal Music—30 cents Sent *post paid*, on receipt of price by the Publishers, OLIVER DITSON & Co.,
217 Washington Street, Boston.

500 AGENTS WANTED!—Great Inducements. For the very best chance ever offered, address
M. M. SANBORN, Bracker Falls, N. York.
je2-2t

NOTA BENE.—Something that will pay. AGENTS WANTED. For particulars, in close one red stamp, and address
H. CLAY GARDNER, Snow Hill, Ky.

SENT FREE! SENT FREE! SENT FREE!!—A new and beautiful art, for which we want agents everywhere. Salary $45 a month. Terms and specimens sent *free*. Address, with stamp for return postage,
je2-4t L. L. TODD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

MORE TESTIMONY FROM ENGLAND.

Bradley, Eng., June 5, 1859.

Sirs—"I hereby certify that I have used *Perry Davis's Pain Killer* for bruises, cuts, and many other purposes, and find it a most speedy and valuable remedy." Yours, truly, T. WILDE.

Jewell Inn, near Manchester

"This is to certify that I have been troubled with rheumatism in my face and gums, and have had nearly all my teeth extracted in consequence, but since I have made use of *Perry Davis's Pain Killer* I have not had a pain in my face or gums."
G. J. ASHTON

Little Bolton, Eng

"This is to certify that I have been a sufferer from indigestion and violent sick headache for upwards of four years. I have consulted many of the Faculty, but have derived no material benefit from any source until I tried *Perry Davis's Pain Killer*, which, I am happy to state, has done me more good than all I ever tried before."
ESTHER BRIGGS,
No. 39 Saint John street.

Bolton, Eng.

Sir,—"I can with confidence recommend your excellent medicine—the *Pain Killer*—for rheumatism, toothache, and indigestion, having proved its efficacy for these complaints."
REUBEN MITCHELL.

Manchester, Eng., May 25, 1859.

"Having used *Perry Davis's Pain Killer* for the last two years for attacks of indigestion and colds with the most perfect success, I have pleasure in testifying to its efficacy. I have also given it to my friends in various attacks of sore throat, pains in the face, hoarseness, &c., and it always cured them. I consider it a valuable medine."
Yours, &c., F. P. WALKER,
No. 42 Market street.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In this city, on Monday, May 21st, by the Rev. W. J. R. Taylor, at the residence of the bride's brother, L. H. Owen, of Trumansburgh, Tompkins county, N. Y. to Mary H. Clarkson.

March 18, 1860, by the Rev. Archibald Beatty, Rector of Cranmer Chapel, Mr. John Agnew, to Miss Mary A. Macdonald, both of this city.

May 10, 1860, by the Rev. G. A. Wenzel, Mr. Thompson Westcott, to Miss Mary Shinar, both of this city.

On the 16th of May, by the Rev. Jos. H. Jones, Mr. Edward S. Fornell, to Miss Lizzie T. Benson, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, at St. Stephen's M. E. Parsonage, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr. Theodore Lister, to Miss Emily G. Warner, both of this city.

May 20th, 1860, at 242 Hanover Street, Kensington, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. George W. Vandersluch, of this city, to Miss Catharine F. Sinclair, of Baltimore, Md.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. J. E. Keyser, Mr. Frederick T. Pedelford, of Taunton, Mass. to Miss Margaret E. Snow, daughter of Capt. J. Snow, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st ultimo, Elizabeth Dawson, wife of Saml. C. Cooper, aged 60 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. Lydia Ann, wife of Benj. A. Rooms, in her 46th year.

May 22, 1860, Griffith M. Eldridge, of Cecil county, Md. formerly of this city, in his 58th year.

On Wednesday afternoon, 23d ultimo, Chauncey Buckley, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, in his 62d year.

On the 21st ultimo, after a short illness, Dr. George Linawearer, of Lebanon, Pa.

On the 21st ultimo at the residence of her nephew, Dr. Joseph Warrington, Westfield, N. J., Mary Lippincott.

On the morning of the 20th ultimo, Robert Scotter, in his 79th year.

On the 20th ultimo, after a short illness, Mrs. Jane Riddell, relict of James Riddell, in her 72d year.

In Mount Holly, N. J. on Monday, May 21st, Isaac N. Risdon, aged 66 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. Sarah Lowe, relict of Nicholas Lowe, in her 80th year

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. Mary Matson, in her 70th year.

A BOOK FOR STATESMEN.
THE
CENTRAL
GOLD REGION.
THE
GRAIN, PASTORAL AND GOLD REGIONS
OF
NORTH AMERICA.
With Some New Views of its Physical Geography; and Observations on the Pacific Railroad,
By WILLIAM GILPIN,
Late of U. S. Army.

It demonstrates the popular theory of vast deserts and uninhabitable regions between Kansas and California, to be utterly without foundation.

It points out the existence of GOLD and PRECIOUS METALS in MASS, in locations yet unoccupied, and in quantities far beyond the most sanguine anticipations of those seeking for it, capable of yielding a million dollars per day.

One Vol., 8vo. *Numerous Maps.* $1,25.

☞ Liberal terms to the trade and to Agents.
SOWER, BARNES & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
No. 37 NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILAD'A.
☞ A copy of the Book will be sent to News-papers giving this four insertions. je2-eow3t

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, THE GREAT CURER OF CONSUMPTION, was for several years so badly afflicted by Dyspepsia, that for a part of the time he was confined to his bed. He was eventually cured by a prescription furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl. This prescription, given him by a mere child, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed once. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia. An engraving is here given of the principal herb employed in this medicine, and all of the ingredients are to be found in any drug store. I will send this valuable prescription to any person, on the receipt of one stamp to pay postage.
Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN,
je2-2t No. 21 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH as fast as you can pull them out, *and no humbug*—sent for $1. Address "UNION AGENCY,"
je2-4t Peace Dale, R. I.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & L NG, Nos. 7 and 13 Ann Street, New York.
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULLENET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
E. P. GRAY, St. Louis, Mo.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

REMOVAL.
D. APPLETON & CO.
HAVE REMOVED
THEIR ENTIRE BUSINESS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
To their New Store,
443 and 445 BROADWAY,
Above Howard Street (West Side).

THEY PUBLISH THIS WEEK
A MANUEL OF CHURCH MUSIC.
Containing a Choice Selection of Chants and Metrical Tunes. Designed for use in Public and Private Worship. Compiled by
WILLIAM H. WALTER.
1 vol, small 4to. 224 pages. $1.

A COURSE OF EXERCISE
IN ALL PARTS OF
FRENCH SYNTAX.
Methodically arranged after Poitevin's "Syntaxe Française." To which are added *Ten Appendices.* Designed for the use of Academies, Colleges, and Private Learners.
By FRED'K. T. WINKELMANN, A. M., & Ph. D.
1 vol., 12mo., half Roan $1.

BERTHA PERCY;
OR,
L'ESPERANCE.
By MARGARET FIELD.
1 volume, 12mo. Cloth $1,25.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"This is a story of heart experiences, thrown into the form of a diary, and in familiar style, unfolding the narrative of a life. The romance is absorbing, the language uniformly beautiful, frequently dramatic, and the whole worthy of its author, and the promises that have been made respecting it."

From the Boston Transcript.

"This a religious novel, written in a style of singular earnestness and fervor, and abounding in excellent sentiments and pious reflections."

HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
As traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and of his Cotemporaries.
By JOHN C. HAMILTON.
Volume VI. Now Ready. Price, $2,50.

From the Providence Journal.

Mr. Hamilton, in placing this history before the public, is rendering a great service to his country. In no work with which we are acquainted, is the origin and formation of the Republic better traced.

From the Chicago Times.

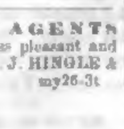
As a publication, containing a vast deal of political information, it has a permanent value.

THE REVELATION OF JOHN,
Its own Interpreter, in virtue of the Double Version in which it is delivered.
By JOHN COCHRAN.
1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. $1.

If the author succeeds in presenting to the Christian world for its decision the question, whether the prophecy of the Revelation be double or not, he will regard his labors as eminently successful. He believes this question will be answered in the affirmative; and its answer in the affirmative will be a matter of no small consequence.—*Extract from Preface.* 1t

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. The Best Chance to Make Money in an HONORABLE BUSINESS ever offered! Suitable to either Ladies or Gentleman, old or young. Samples sent *free* by mail on receipt of 31 cts., or books with descriptions, recommendations and references will be sent to any address on receipt of 3 cent stamp. Profits large and sales quick. Article used by everybody. Address
S. J. BESTOR,
Wholesale Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c.,
je2-1f 34 South Third St., Phila., Pa.

R. DOLLARD,
613 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eow1y

REMEMBER!
That Cristadoro's Excelsior Hair Dye is the only hair dye in America that has the
DIRECT SANCTION
of the highest scientific authority. The most distinguished of our chemists, (and as an analysis second to none in the world),
DR. CHILTON
has certified over his own signature, that this dye contains *no deleterious ingredient.* The official document may be seen at No. 6 Astor House.
IS IT WISE TO RISK
unauthenticated dyes when one thus endorsed and immeasurably superior to all others in the quality of the colors it imparts, is obtainable.
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.
CRISTADORO, No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.
my17-eow2t

1,000 COMMERCIAL AGENTS WANTED.—Business pleasant and profitable. Address, with stamp, J. J. HINGLE & CO., 218 Walnut St., Phila., Pa. my26-3t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the utmost extent.

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great Medals of the World's Exhibitions in London and New York. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant B. FRANK PALMER,
oct6-1y 1320 Chestnut St, Phila.

TWO
MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVINGS.
FALLS
OF
NIAGARA.
GIVING VIEWS
OF THE
AMERICAN AND CANADA SIDES
BY JAMES HAMILTON,
The Celebrated American Marine Painter

These Engravings are each 18 by 32 Inches and are executed in the highest style of the art on steel, from the original drawings.

They will be sent to subscribers securely placed on rollers, postage pre-paid, on the receipt of Five Dollars for the pair.

JOHN M. BUTLER, Publisher,
242 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADA., PA.
may28-tf

HARD TIMES NO MORE.

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $5 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars, address (with

Wit and Humor.

THE BOTTLE OF "GASSH."

Jerry Roche, some time since, called at one of our wholesale establishments to purchase goods (be it known to you, Jerry kept a groggery), and one of the young men, whom we will call Thomas C., intending to put a "lark" on him, took this method:—

"Jerry, I want you to go down to the gas-works, and get me a bottle of second quality gas—here is the money (one shilling and sixpence) and the bottle. Be sure you get it good, and don't let them cheat you. They may put you off on account of the small quantity: but don't be put off, and don't let them cheat you."

Off starts Jerry on his errand, arrives at the gas-works, and presents his bottle for the "gassh" at the office.

"If you please, sur, Tommy C. sent me down for a bottle of your second quality gassh; and he says if it isn't good, you needn't send it."

Clerk stares at Jerry, and Jerry stares at clerk.

Clerk: "Well, look here; you must be a fool."

Jerry: "Do you call me a fool? Where's the masther here? I want a bottle of gassh for a decent young man, and if you don't give it good to me, the mischief a taste will I ever buy ag'in from you as long as my name is Jarry."

Clerk: "My good man, somebody is putting a joke on you."

Jerry: "The mischief take you! You can't put me off that way; and if you don't give the gassh I'll see the masther. My money is as good as any man's."

At last, to satisfy Jerry, the clerk takes the bottle and money, goes into an inner room, pretending to fill the bottle, returns it to Jerry tightly corked, and, as he supposed, full.

On his arrival home, he commenced with cursing all clerks generally, and gas clerks especially, and delivers the bottle as he received it, tightly corked, to Thomas. The cork is drawn out of the bottle, and presented again to Jerry, with the insinuation that he is a nice fellow to be fooled in that way out of one shilling and sixpence.

Jerry: "Oh! but I'll be even with him."

And off starts Jerry, bottle and all, for the gas-works the second time. The end was, that Jerry had to be taken out of the gas-works by main force, else he would have taken one shilling and sixpence worth of gassh out of the body of that clerk.

A SMART YOUNG LAWYER.

One of the very smartest young lawyers ever yet heard of, was a sprig of the law who resided in Gotham, some years since; the much loved son of a worthy descendant of old Knickerbocker.

His business was rather limited, to be sure, from two causes; first, he did not love to work, and, secondly, whenever he undertook a case, he proved *such a very slow coach* in making his returns, that customers got tired of him, and he very soon found his clients like angels' visits—few and far between.

But his respected progenitor, old Hanse Von Warken, thought him a perfect prodigy; and the worthy parent was exceedingly fond of his only and hopeful heir.

A gentleman once asked the father how his son succeeded in business, and if he were smart?

"Smart?" echoed Hanse, "vel I dink he ish smart. I tell you vot he did vonce. Dat poy haves a pill to collect for a fren. Te fren he come to me and ask me, 'Is ter poy smart?' an' I say, 'yaw, he po—as you shall find out, if you give him te pizziness;' dat ish, he gives im a leetle note to collect; vich te poy puts troo to Cort, an'—how long do you dink de poy was apout it?"

"I don't know," said the gentleman.

"Vell, den, I tell you. He vos tree year."

"Three years!"

"Yaw. Te note vos joost seventy-tree dollars an' dirty-tree cents. Now, I say te poy *ish* shmart. Vot you dink he sharge for collectin' te note?"

"Couldn't say, really."

"Vell, I tells you. His pill for collectin' dat note vos joost *seventy-tree dollars an' dirty-tree cents!* If you duzn't call dat a shmart poy, I'd joost like to know where you find 'em?"

OLD TAY'S TRICKS.—Old Tay was always "short," and generally drunk. One day, he and Piper wanted to go fishing through the ice. It was cold weather, and fishing on such a day without some of the ardent, could not be thought of. Neither of them had a cent of money or credit. Piper says, "We have got lines, and hooks, and bait, but where is the gin?" Old Tay was full of expedients, and he told Piper to go to his (Tay's) house, and tell his wife that he wanted a gallon jug. Piper brought it, and old Tay filled it just half full of clean water, and started with Piper down to Noyes' grocery.

He went in with a nonchalant swagger, and cried out, "Noyes, I want two quarts of gin." Noyes was suspicious, but thought that the old fellow must have obtained the necessary "spondulicks" by some hook or crook. So he measured out two quarts of gin, and put it into the jug. "Noyes," said Tay, "Piper and I are going a fishing, and we will pay you when we sell our fish." "Not by a blamed sight," said Noyes, "you have played that on me too many times." With that he grabbed up the jug, and poured its contents back into the barrel. "Look here, Noyes, that is rather rough, I swear," saidold Tay, "I had two quarts of gin before in that jug. Can't stand that." Noyes had seen well enough that his two quarts filled the jug, and he was cornered. So he drew out two quarts of gin and water, and the twain went a fishing with the other two.

☞ "What do you think of my music, father?" "Why, Polly, I've listened to your music, as you call it, till I'm mew-sick myself."

☞ "I blush for you," as the rouge-pot said to the old maid.

LOCK FOR LOCK.—The gossips tell a funny story, in which two Russian noblemen and a favorite Parisian actress play the principal parts. Both of the Bayards were suitors for the fair lady's smiles, and both seemed to be equally esteemed by her. It would appear that, in Russia, as well as in many other countries, a lock of hair is considered a signal pledge of the tender passion; but, if the truth must be told, few of our theatrical divinities are endowed with profuse *chevelures*, and if they were, the incessant demand would soon exhaust the supply! Mademoiselle Alice glories in the possession of auburn ringlets, and wouldn't part with one of them for less than a duchy. Her Russian admirers, the Count de L. and the Baron de M., both happen to have hair of the same golden hue as that of their mutual Dulcines. Each begged of a tress of her hair in exchange for a lock of his own, to which the charming creature readily assented, and without touching a single curl of her head, cunningly managed to effect an exchange of parcels, by which each gentleman received a tuft of his rival's capillaries. The Count now wears the Baron's "wool" next his heart, and the Baron sleeps with the Count's scalp-lock under his pillow. What terrible deceivers these "female women" are.

HOW TO BOIL EGGS.—Mr. Lightfoot Lee was exceedingly particular in boiling his eggs, which he was accustomed to say required more discretion than any other branch of the great art of cookery. The preparations for this critical affair were always made with due solemnity. First, Mr. Lee sat with his watch in his hand, and the parlor door, as well as all the other doors, down to the kitchen, wide open. At the parlor door stood Juba, his oldest and most confidential servant. At the end of the hall leading to the kitchen stood Pomp, the coachman; at the foot of the kitchen stair stood Benjamin, the footman; and Dolly, the cook, was watching the skillet.

"It boils," cried Dolly.

"It boils," said Benjamin.

"It boils," said Pompey, the great; and,

"It boils," echoed Juba, Prince of Numidia.

"Put them in," said Mr. Lee.

"Put them in," said Juba.

"Put them in," said Pomp; and,

"Put them in," cries Dolly, as she dropped the eggs into the skillet. Exactly a minute and a half afterward, by his stop watch, Mr. Lee called out, "Done;" and done was repeated from mouth to mouth, as before. The perfection of the whole process consisted in Dolly's whipping out the eggs in half a second from the last echo of the critical "done."—*J. K. Paulding.*

OLD TOUCHWOOD'S BOYS.—This story is told of old Touchwood's sons:—These sons were sadly addicted to wicked practices; and one Sunday morning the minister of the parish met one of them starting for the woods with a gun on his shoulder. Seeking out the father, the clergyman told him that he ought to admonish his sons, and bring them up in the fear of the Lord. "Fear the Lord," replied old Touchwood; "they are so afraid of him now, that they dare n't stir out on Sunday without a double-barreled shot-gun in their hand!"

A DOUBLE HIT.—A noble lord ordered his bricklayer to stucco his house down in the best manner. The bricklayer, not doing it to his lordship's liking, and charging more than he expected, the latter exclaimed, in a violent fit of passion—

"You are an arrant knave."

"Am I?" said the bricklayer. "Just as your lordship spoke, the clock struck two."

A SKETCH TO THE LIFE.

BY MISS MULOCH.

A girl, who has so many willful ways
She would have caused Job's patience to forsake him,
Yet is so rich in all that's girlhood's praise,
Did Job himself upon her goodness gaze,
A little better she would surely make him.

Yet is this girl I sing in naught uncommon,
And very far from angel yet I trow;
Her faults, her sweetnesses, are purely human,
Yet she's more lovable as simple woman,
Than any one diviner that I know.

Therefore, I wish that she may safely keep
This womanhood, and change not, only grow;
From maid to matron, youth to age, may creep,
And in perennial blessedness, still reap
On every hand of that which she doth sow.

CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS.—Many persons, in passing from one car to another while a train is in motion, are accustomed to steady themselves by grasping the horizontal wheel used for winding up the brake, which projects above the railing on the platform of the car. The habit has now become an exceedingly dangerous one. Several of the leading railroads are beginning to use a new kind of brake, which, in case of emergency, can be set almost instantly without the presence of the brakeman. Should any such emergency arise while the passenger was steadying himself by one of the wheels, it would, without the least warning, commence to revolve rapidly, and he would lose his hold, and run great risk of falling between the cars. This is felt to be so real a danger that the latest patterns for the wheels are made with a web in them, rendering it impossible for the hand to completely encircle the rim of the wheel. This, however, but slightly obviates the danger. A careful man will shun them entirely.

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.—Notwithstanding the prohibition of the Koran against paintings and images, the Sultan, Mohamed the Second, had a fancy for the arts, and ordered Gentil Bellini, a Venetian artist, to paint a picture of the Beheading of John the Baptist. When the work was finished, the Sultan found fault with the representation of the wounded part; and, to prove that his criticism was correct, he drew his scimetar and struck off the head of one of his slaves. Bellini, on leaving his presence, thinking he had caught an "ugly customer," set sail for Venice the same evening.

☞ Great actions carry their glory with them, as the ruby wears its hue.

VENDOR OF DOUBTFUL OYSTERS.—"Made yer fill, have they? Then it's coss yer ain't accustomed to 'igh livin'."

Agricultural.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

We clip the following remarks from the proceedings of the Illinois State Horticultural Society, as published in the Prairie Farmer. Mr. Dunlap said:

There is no secret in successful strawberry culture; most people take unnecessary pains in preparing the ground. All that is wanted is good thorough ploughing. He need no manure; set his plants in rows three feet apart, and one foot in the row; cultivated and keeps the ground fine and loose with a steel rake: prefers to set his plants in the spring, about the time they are in bloom; covers in winter with litter, taking care to use such as is without hay or weed seeds; expects the best crop the second season after planting; the same plants never produce but one good crop; he does not pull the weeds up the second season till after the fruiting season; he then turns the weeds and plants under with the spade, cutting out pieces two spades wide; by fall this newly spaded ground is a mat of strong vines, which produce the next year's crop; would recommend as the best varieties Early Scarlet, Hudson, and McAvoy's Superior.

Mr. Loyd Shaw—The method pursued by Mr. Dunlap was the best in use, and did not differ from his own; he would not hoe the first season after the first of July, but would let the purslane and other weeds grow as a mulch and protection to the plants in winter; he does nothing to his beds the second year; it costs more to pick and market the berries than it did to raise them.

Dr. Warder, being loudly called for, stated that he agreed with the gentleman before him, that there was but little difficulty in cultivating strawberries; he would always plant both staminate and and pistillate varieties; for his own eating his favorite pistillate was the Necked Pine; for beauty and size the Extra Red; of staminates Longworth's Prolific, for its deliciousness, and Wilson's Albany for its productiveness. Hooker he considered a productive staminate variety. Of the Hovey's Seedling, many of the plants never blossom at all; for field culture it will never do.—Strong early runners always produced the best crop.

LIQUID MANURE.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes to this paper as follows:

A few years ago I was induced to build a sink and reservoir in the corner of my garden, to receive all the slops, suds, &c., of the house, which had been previously thrown away, and well nigh wasted. Into this reservoir I threw occasionally a few shovelfulls of hen droppings, and during the season of growth employed the liquid as it collected, in watering my garden, by means of a can and a large syringe. An application of this kind was made almost every evening, and the luxuriant growth of the plants of all kinds was truly astonishing. The remarkable results obtained by this mode of irrigating and manuring my garden, induced me to build another reservoir, get a small engine like that used by firemen, and extend the practice to my lawn, orchard and calf pasture. The increase in my crops of grass, &c., &c., has abundantly remunerated me, and I do think that if some one should invent an easy method of carrying liquid manure all over our farms, he would be one of the greatest benefactors of his age and country.

TOADS IN THE GARDEN.—A correspondent writes to us that he has always been at a loss to account for the existence of that uncomely reptile, the toad, supposing, indeed, that all created things had a mission to perform in the world; but he has lately discovered the use of the toad, namely, *he is a destroyer of lice on cabbages.* He says he is accustomed to keep his cabbages clear of these pests by collecting toads and letting them loose among them.—This may be new to some, and it is certainly worthy of trial by any. The toad has other uses than this. He is an enemy of every species of insect, and his services are far greater than we are willing to accord to him. We have before published articles setting forth the merits of the toad, and we now take occasion to warn all against his destruction; we know of no harm he does, but we do know he has a thousand merits. We hope to see the toad appreciated in this country as highly as in Europe, where it is considered worth while to purchase them, even at a considerable expense.—*Exchange*

HENS AND EGGS.—For several years past I have spent a few weeks of the latter part of August on the Kennebec River, in Maine. The lady with whom I have stopped is a highly accomplished and intelligent housewife. She supports a "hennery," and from her I derived my information in the matter. She told that for many years she had been in the habit of administering to her hens, with their common food, at the rate of a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper, each alternate day, to a dozen fowls. Last season, when I was with her, each morning she brought in from twelve to fourteen eggs, having but sixteen hens in all. She again and again experimented in the matter by omitting to feed with the Cayenne for two or three days. The consequence invariably was that the product of eggs fell off five or six per day. The same effect of using the Cayenne is produced in winter as well as summer.—*Boston Transcript.*

AN EAR OF CORN.—A statement having appeared that upwards of 1,000 grains had been shelled from one ear of corn, a correspondent of an exchange paper, who thought he could beat it, shelled several ears, which produced as follows:—One 1,050 grains; another 1,100, and another 1,164. Some old farmers say that a paper wrapped around an ear of corn, the ear then taken out, will not contain the shelled corn of that ear. I tried it with two ears, and the paper would not hold the corn; one of those ears had 956 grains on it, of which 536 filled a pint cup. At this rate, it would take 34,240 grains to make a bushel.

THE GRAPE.—The N. E. Farmer reports Mr. Pay, of Lynn, Mass., as asserting that the grape for fruit and the grape for wine were different, the latter only growing well on lands of *volcanic origin* which gave the *rich vinous flavor*; and he considered that *California* on this account was the only wine-producing country on the North American continent. What say our grape growers to this?

COLT AND FILLY.—Colt, is the name of a male foal until it is broken for the use of man, it is then called a horse.

Filly, is the name of a female foal, and is so called until it is broken for man's use, and it is then called a mare.

A filly is not a colt at any age, Webster to the contrary, and *vice versa*, a colt is not a filly. —*Ed. Spirit of Times.*

VALUE OF OAT STRAW.—Mr. Burt, of Norway, N. Y., states in the Rural New Yorker, that he was obliged last summer to cut his oats very green, on account of the grasshoppers. From eight acres, yielding 300 bushels, he kept 18 head of cattle two months on the straw alone, without grain, and kept them well.

THE HEAVES.—For heaves in horses, says the Genesee Farmer, "Take a tablespoonful of ginger, and the same quantity of shorts, and as much tar as it will require to make a ball when well mixed; give a ball once a day. This cure is said to be permanent."

SARDINIAN MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

But hush! silence! there is the tramp of horses outside—not a word! presently a low tap at the door. The father looks round to see that all is in order, then, slowly rising, obeys the summons. Father: "Who is there?" From without: "Friends." Father: "What do you want?" From without: "*Chiedemo una peccora paluta?*" [the figurative reply.] "We seek a stray lamb." Father, partly opening the door: "Do my friends desire to see if it has strayed into this fold?" On this, the intended bridegroom gently pushes the door, and enters, accompanied only by a few chosen friends. The father bows courteously to each, and then, turning round to his family, introduces the various members composing it; beginning first with the mother, and ceremoniously inquiring: "Is this the lamb you have lost?" A shake of the head is the negative reply. At last the spoza is presented; the bridegroom that is to be starts, runs forward, takes her hand, and respectfully kisses it. "This is the lost lamb." He is rejoiced to have found the beautiful lamb he sought for. The father is pleased, pats the lover on the back, calls him a brave lad. The lover, in his turn, protests that he will take care of the lovely lamb, and soon conduct it to his fold. "Ah, Sa Lorenzo, I believe thee," sobs the soft-hearted mother. "Bah, Teresa, do not weep! where is the rozario thou hast prepared for thy Bita's betrothal gift?" exclaims the father. "Thy bird will be well with so true and gallant a lover, my Teresina. True, she is going from thee, but she will be well mated; so dry thine eyes, old girl." Meanwhile, the lover has placed one more ring on the already laden fingers of the young spozina. She bashfully presents him with the rosary, and thus "*signali*," or betrothal gifts are exchanged.

FEMALE ADORNMENT.

1 TIMOTHY, ii. 9.—"In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." From this passage some Christians have deemed it unlawful for women to wear their hair plaited, or to use any gold ornament. Are they right in their conjecture?

Let every one be fully persuaded in her own mind, that so she may do conscientiously whatever she does, even in her daily attire. But there is nothing in the European manner of dressing the hair that answers to the custom prevalent among Syrian women. They allow their hair to grow very long, so as often to reach far down their back, even when braided. It is formed into a large plait, with a network of gold and silver ornaments, pearls, beads and every kind of jewel. Along with other valuables, gold coins are frequently used. Their backs thus glisten with gold and pearls. This is the custom condemned by the Apostle. It is very expensive, troublesome, takes much time and care, and is a mere piece of vanity. So the holiday dresses of even the middle class (of women) are sumptuous in the extreme. That they were so in olden times is evident from what Isaiah writes in chap. iii. 18—23, where he mentions not only rich and useless articles of raiment, but also tinkling ornaments, chains, bracelets, "mufflers," or spangled ornaments, ornaments of the head, head-bands, rings, ear-rings, and nose-jewels. These women were, in fact, bedecked with gold and ornaments from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet. The Apostle enjoins "moderation" in everything. We are to do what is "comely," "honest" and "temperate" "in all things," and to make an enlightened distinction between the use and abuse of God's gifts.

BEAUTIFY YOUR PREMISES.—Every person who owns a foot of earth, or has the lease of a southern wall, wherson to let a vine creep up, and lets May or June go by without improving the opportunity of doing something for their beautification, should be considered remiss in a very important duty. No matter if you don't own the house and yard you occupy—still plant flowers, and vines, and shrubbery, for your own comfort and your own heart's sake:—

Let the flowers look upward in every place,
Through this beautiful world of ours;
For, dear as the smile on an old friend's face,
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers.

☞ With a happy regard for the congruity of ideas, the entrance to the Patent Office, in England, is placed between the entrances, respectively, to the Registry in Lunacy and the Registry of Appeals in Bankruptcy.

☞ A wag being asked the name of the inventor of butter stamps, replied that it was probably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

Useful Receipts.

TO MEND IRON POTS.—Mix finely-sifted lime with some white of an egg till a thin kind of paste is formed, then add some iron filings. Apply this to the fractures, and the vessel will be found nearly as sound as ever.

TOBACCO AS AN INTERNAL REMEDY FOR THE EFFECTS OF THE BITE OF A RATTLESNAKE.—Mr. Peake mentions, in the New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal for January, 1860, that he saw a negro bitten on the dorsum of the foot by a rattlesnake, in the month of August, when the venom is supposed to possess the greatest activity. The man, in less than five minutes, chewed and swallowed at least two ounces of common tobacco. He had neither vomiting nor nausea, and, though the limb swelled a little, he was quite well the next morning.

CERTAIN CURE FOR BRONCHITIS.—A lady writes to the *London Post*, that the following is an unfailing remedy:

"The prevalence of the above and other severe diseases of the throat and chest, induce me to acquaint you with a certain cure of the simplest kind, with which, if I had been aware of the illness of the late Emperor of Russia, and that of the late Lady Stratheden, their lives might have been saved by a telegram or a post-letter.

"Only last Monday I saw a widow lady who had lost her voice for three months, and was in the depth of despair, under the apprehension, not only that her voice would never return, but that she was near leaving her six young children orphans and unprotected. On my recommending my remedy, she did not reject it upon the consolation that she was "under the doctor's hands," but immediately sent her little girl with a half-penny to procure the article. I saw her again on Wednesday morning, when she told me in her natural voice, and with raptures of joy, that she was cured! On the same day, I sent a recommendation of the same remedy to another lady, who, with her daughter, were then laid up, and had lost a relative only a fortnight before with the same complaint. I had the pleasure to hear, the next morning, that they both had sleep, which they had not had before for several nights.

"I never knew this remedy fail with young or old; but as it is so very cheap and innocent, I think it superfluous to refer to more cases, and will therefore only name the article, which is the common saltpetre, and one halfpenny-worth of which is sufficient to cure any individual. The way to take it is to suck it—a small lump at a time—and swallow it as it dissolves.

"I am, sir, yours respectfully,
"BLANEY BLANCHE CONNETT."

BARLEY WATER.—One ounce of pearl barley, half-an-ounce of white sugar, and the rind of a lemon; put it into a jug. Pour upon it one quart of boiling water, and let it stand for eight or ten hours; then strain off the liquor, adding a slice of lemon, if desirable. This infusion makes a most delicious and nutritious beverage, and will be grateful to persons who cannot drink the horrid decoction usually given. It is an admirable basis for lemonade, negus, or weak punch.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 7, 13, 19, 28, 23, 24, 11, 33, is a county in Illinois.
My 5, 34, 17, 14, 21, 1, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 20, 22, 31, 10, 26, 34, is a county in N. York.
My 12, 4, 15, 32, 25, 6, 10, is a town in Georgia.
My 29, 16, 2, 31, 35, is a town in Maine.
My 36, 13, 4, 8, 27, 32, is a river in New York.
My 33, 34, 9, 18, 1, is a river in North Carolina.
My 30, 1, 29, 3, 10, 13, is a river in Texas.
My whole is what every one should know; or, my whole is one of the Apostle Paul's sayings.

Fox Lake, Wis. E. D. EMPIE.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 3, 21, 7, is used for burning.
My 21, 18, 10, 13, is a metallic substance.
My 25, 12, 11, 16, 2, is mighty.
My 8, 14, 19, 24, is a preposition.
My 20, 5, 15, is a figure.
My 18, 11, 25, is always to be found in a travelled road.
My 17, 9, 4, 20, are used in churches.
My 12, 9, 22, is a color.
My 23, 14, 6, is the name of a fish.
My 1, 2, 21, 16, 19, is a color.
My whole is the great question now before the people of the United States.

St. Louis, Mo. C. E. WILLSON.

RIDDLE.

Not room, but loss of room by me is got;
Yet you will have no room where I am not;
To give you comfort is my end and plan,
In cold to shelter you, in heat to fan.
I am at once a thoroughfare and screen,
And in all families act as go between.
On other strength I still depend and hinge,
But, though I shut and open, never cringe;
My common size is seven feet high by three,
Yet all mankind pass and repass by me.

RIDDLE.

What are those letters four in group,
Used both in coining and in soup?
A tedious search from east to west
Is not the way to find them best:
But take no thought or trouble in it,
And you may have them in a minute.

Celebrated Places Enigmatically Expressed.

1.—To talk idly, and half of a production that Great Britain makes great use of.
2.—An herb.
3.—A short over-jacket.
4.—A river in Italy, and two-thirds of an ecculent.
5.—A color.
6.—Three-fifths of a place to keep cows in, and a preposition.

ANAGRAMS ON ATHENIAN KINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suedro.	Suth see.
Suthnemis.	Gasue.
Syth tomoe.	Nap on di.
Thox sin s.	Thicy pam on.

Kingston. E. H. T.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain manufacturing establishment was sold for the nominal cash value of $34,792, conditioned to be paid in five different payments. The first payment to be paid forthwith; the second in one year, the third in two years, the fourth in three years, and the fifth and last in four years. All these four last payments thus put on time are to be with compound interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and each of these payments (together with its compound interest when due) shall be alike in amount with the money now in hand paid. That is: all five payments, when due, shall be alike in amount of principal and interest to each other; while their immediate and nominal cash value do differ, but amount together to the above named $34,792. The question is: what was paid in hand, and what was on the face of the note of each of the subsequent yearly payments?

DANIEL DIEFFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a tree 100 feet high to stand on an inclined plane of 22½ degrees, at what height from the ground must it break off, so that its top may fall on a point 40 feet from the base of the tree, the end where it is divided still adhering to the upright part, allowing the tree to fall down the plane? Also, what distance will the top go through in falling?

☞ An answer is requested.

Savoy, Berkshire Co., Mass. GEO. DUNHAM.

PERMUTATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man bought 20 cows, agreeing to pay for them the one-millionth part of a cent for every different order in which they could all be placed; how much did the cows cost him? X.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why was Adam's wife called Eve? Ans.—Because when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

☞ What were the first words Adam said to Eve? Ans.—Nobody knows.

☞ Why is a pig's tail like a new-born baby? Ans.—Because you never saw it before.

☞ Why is a lawyer like a restless man in bed? Ans.—Because he lies first on one side, and then turns over and lies on the other.

☞ Why is the world like a piano? Ans.—Because it is full of sharps and flats.

☞ Why is the letter S like a sewing machine? Ans.—Because it makes needles needless!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

CHARADE—Starboard. SCRIPTURE ENIGMA—Fear God. Eccles. xii. 13—(Fortunatus, 1 Cor. xvi. 17. Edau, Gen. ii. 15.—Adrammelech, 2 Kings. xix. 37—Reuel, Exod. iii. 1, 2, (see chap. ii. 18.) Gabriel, Dan. x. 12—Orpah, Ruth i. 14—Deborah, Judges iv. 4, 5, 9.) CHARADE—Bear. RIDDLE—Virtue. PROBLEM—2 inches.

We must again inform our correspondents of the "Riddler" that we *do not* publish Enigmas, Charades, Problems, &c., that we receive, unless the answer accompanies them. We have several which we will keep for a few weeks, and if the answers are forwarded they may be published.